



1991

Narva











# Narva

1990-1991

*Year book*

*A magazine of Park College*

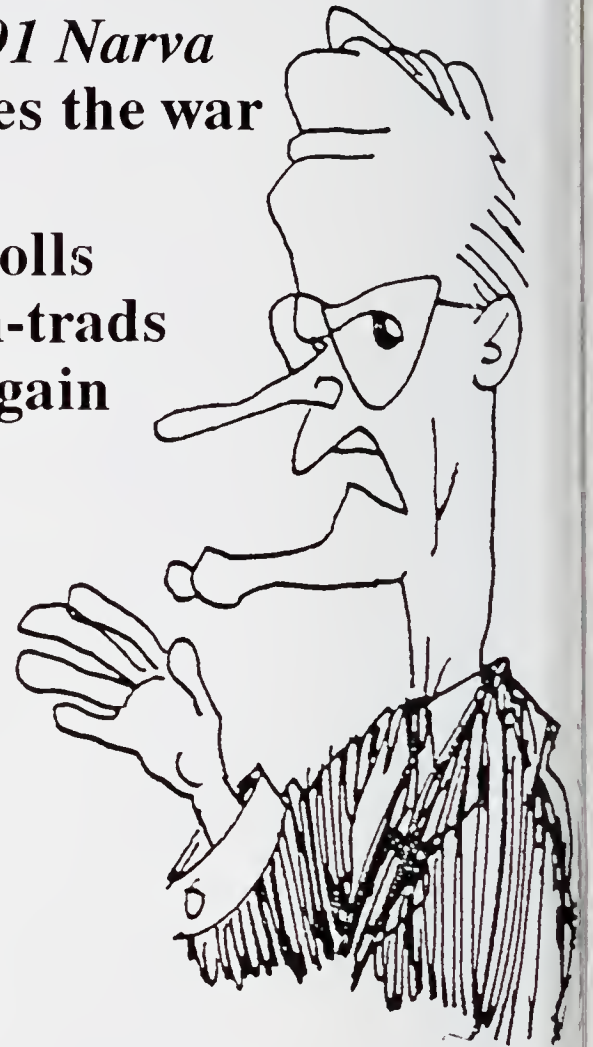
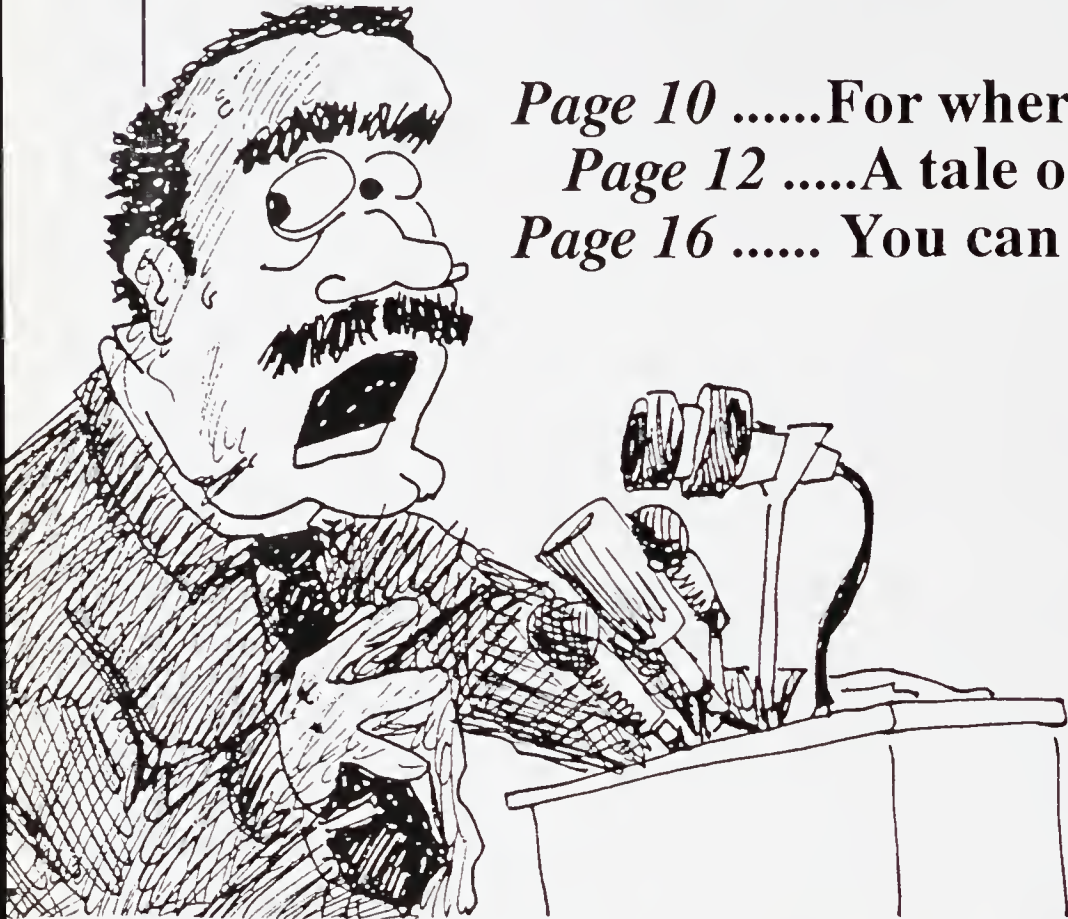
*Starting the last decade of the century*



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# A year of war and anxiety marks 1990-91 Narva

Cecil Sisson  
Narva Co-Editor

It has been a year of ups and downs. Thankfully the common, ordinary events of campus life helped carry us through and past the extremes. Not that extremes are uncommon but the swings caused many of us to shudder.

For Park College and the country as a whole, a significant low point came August 4th of last year.

On that day, Iraq invaded and captured its tiny but very rich neighbor, Kuwait. Though the Kuwaiti armed services fought valiantly, they were no match for the tidal wave of soldiers and war machines Iraq used against them. In a few days, the conflict was over. As the fighting stopped in Kuwait, the wholesale looting and destruction of Kuwait by Iraqi citizens began.

The newspapers here reported many unconfirmed acts of viciousness; rumors of Kuwaiti babies tossed on hospital floors by Iraqis who then stole their incubators, banks robbed with the converted money taken to Iraq, stores with jewelry, computers, electronic consumer goods pilfered, too. Even traffic lights were reportedly removed by the marauding Iraqis. And many serious human crimes were reportedly committed.

The free world's response was one of unbridled outrage against the Iraqis.

Back at Park College, the war had a nearly immediate result. Many of its satellite campuses on military bases suffered very low enrollment. Troops were being activated for use in future actions against Iraq.

The loss of income from the satellite bases proved devastating. President Donald J. Breckon made the first of two college budget cuts soon after Iraqi army stormed Kuwait.

On the home campus, everyday events offered a diversion from the increasingly troubling times.

For instance, the college's staff and faculty donated money to paint and re-carpet Copley Hall. Norrington was turned into a haunted house for halloween. Park welcomed 15 Bulgarian students into the student body. Long overdue repairs were made to the Gym's roof. Harvest Fest's success brought pleasure to everyone attending.

America was also in the early throes of a recession. It began in July of 1990 and accelerated after the Iraqis conquered Kuwait. Unemployment spiraled upward

throughout the period as did homelessness. Housing and new car sales continued at very low levels inflicting more strain on the national economy.

In November 1990 President Breckon announced the second round of budget cuts at Park College. The music department faculty became part-time adjuncts under a procedure of "Faculty Retrenchment". A tenured full professor, Dr. Theodore Albrecht, and Assistant Professor of music Tim Corrao and theater Instructor Ray Smith immediately fell victim.

President Breckon, during that announcement, hinted that more cuts would be made if Park College's financial condition continued to deteriorate. A tuition increase for part time students was included in a severe round of belt tightening.

By December of last year, the military buildup and the sagging national economy delivered a "one, two punch" on Christmas spending.

At the other end of the spectrum, Park's athletic department performed devastatingly well by providing stiff competition for their opponents. By the close of the 1990-91 year, every Park athletic team had qualified for post-season activities.

In January, it became apparent that Park was going to excel in basketball. Park basketball coach, David Francis, had resuscitated what had been a nearly comatose program when he had arrived at Park two years earlier.

By mid month the long prepared for war got underway. As the allies pounded Iraq and Kuwait from the air, the world held its breath. For several days all three major television networks and CNN News provided nearly 24 hour coverage. The world cringed at every report of a SCUD missile launched from Iraq at one of its neighbors. The Iraqi strategy was clear; its president, Saddam Hussien, hoped to draw Israel into the battle to divide the Arab coalition from western nations under United Nations auspices. That strategy, like most of the SCUD missiles launched at Israel, failed.

At home, a stumbling economy fell flat on its face as consumers completely stopped buying. The only bright spot was the stock markets which continued to rise.

At Park College, rumors of more program cuts floated the campus. No more programs were cut, but the names changed on many administrative doors.



Students who return in the fall of 1991 would see new faces directing the nursing program, the pre-professional program, Weekend College, financial aid, and most important, the academic programs of the home campus.

Beryl Immer, director of Park's successful nursing program, resigned. So did Dr. Delta Gier, director of the Pre-Professional program. At year's end Susan Kincaid was reassigned from director of Weekend College to associate director of admission and Delwood Bagley left his role as director of financial aid to become Weekend College director. Also in May, Dr. Harry A. Blanton resigned as academic vice president. He was replaced by Dr. Clara Brennan, who had been associate academic vice president. This book is, in part, dedicated to Dr. Blanton.

Meanwhile, Park's basketball team continued winning. By February, the local media noticed, too. The *Kansas City Star* actually gave several inches of coverage to the team.

Success on the other side of the globe riveted the world to their TV screens and radio speakers.

In three short days, the allies led by American units captured and disarmed 42 Iraqi divisions, an astounding feat, and one that military spokesmen say will be long remembered and studied. Iraqi soldiers surrender in droves. Iraq's defeat was complete and humiliating.

But their leader, Saddam Hussien, was allowed to remain in power. The peace proved more difficult. By May, U.N. forces were still deployed, attempting to resettle Kurdish refugees in an Iraq they still feared.

Across the river in Kansas City, Missouri another major event happened. Emmanuel Cleaver, a black city council member and minister, was elected mayor. He was the survivor of a long, brutal negative campaign. The Royals opened the baseball season with a whimper

and before June, manager John Watham had been replaced by former designated hitter Hal McRae. Kansas City had both a black mayor and black manager, which sent pundits to the record books.

David Francis had already rewritten the record books in Park basketball. In March, he successfully negotiated the Park College basketball team in the NAIA playoffs for the first time. Things were looking up, everyone agreed. But sadly the team lost their second game in the single elimination playoff.

In the last half of the spring semester, Dr. Jerzy Hauptmann, Professor of Political Science was honored by the college for 40 years of faithful, dedicated service. Former students also honored him at a banquet. Philosophy and Religion Professor Dr. Merrill Proudfoot was also honored by the college at the annual Honors Banquet. Both announced intention to continue teaching.

President Breckon hinted that by the fall of 1991 Park College could return to financial normalcy contingent on return of troops at military sites to classes.

There were other changes. In April, Park College Assistant Professor Raymond Cummiskey, a Park College alumnus featured in a somewhat ironic story later in this book, did not receive tenure and took an administrative position at another area institution. In addition to teaching radio and television courses, he had served two years as chairman of the Humanities Division. Many communication arts students expressed sadness at his departure and this book is, in part, dedicated to him.

It was not a year you could describe as smooth; it had its moments, good and bad. Read on for more details of what happened during the 115th year of life at a small midwestern liberal arts college as the world around was swept by chaos.

**THE KANSAS CITY STAR**  
TUESDAY, November 13, 1990  
METROPOLITAN EDITION

**INSIDE**

**TROUBLING SIGNS**  
More layoffs signal the Kansas City economy is hurting  
Continued cuts could push this area into a recession. B-1

**NATION/WORLD**  
CNN and a federal judge reach a temporary deal on tapes of Manuel Noriega talking with members of his defense team. A-3  
Cheyenne Brando, daughter of actor Marlon Brando, reportedly attempts suicide again. A-3

**METROPOLITAN**  
Ryder Student Transportation Services loses an injury lawsuit involving two independence children injured in a 1986 accident. B-1  
Explosives, not a wreck, will demolish Pease

**DUTY CALLS**

**400 leave Kansas for gulf**

Army reservists board a jet at Forbes Field in Topeka. The units are the 842nd Quartermaster Detachment from Kansas City, Kan., the 1012th General Support Company from Fremont, Neb. and the 172nd Transportation Company from Omaha, Neb.

**rollmen whites n KC**  
cart, says official it's the case in 30 years

**play**



## *Park weathers Gulf storm, despite hardship*

Cecil Sisson  
Narva Editor

Suddenly, the peaceful course of America was altered by cataclysmic events half way around the globe. The effects and results had no small impact on life at the home campus and throughout the Park College system.

As President George Bush activated and moved increasing numbers of military personnel, Park College reeled at the lost income from its campuses on military bases around the country.

Park College, at the time, had military site enroll-

ment of 26,000, the largest of its type in the nation. Park's Extended School of Learning, as the group of campuses is called, provides an opportunity for the ongoing education of military personnel and their families. Degree completion is the goal of the satellite campuses.

However, Park College moved some of the instruction overseas to the Persian Gulf. Though that program was small and temporary, it received wide broadcast coverage, including coverage on CNN.

"Over 300 members of the Marine A6 Squadron deployed from Cherry Point MCAS, North Carolina, have recently enrolled in courses," reported Shannon L. Kellogg, editor of the *Stylus*.

While teaching college courses in the gulf amid a gigantic military build up earned some income for the college, losses took a heavy toll anyway.

Issue three of the *Stylus* reported the following headline, "Gulf Crisis Leads to \$2 Million in Cuts".

Marcia Horn, associate editor of the *Stylus*, inter-

## *OPINION: An editor looks at the Gulf*

### *EDITOR'S NOTE:*

Cecil Sisson wrote the following essay before the ground war in the Gulf began, and before its short and decisive end. He many have been wrong about how much blood would be shed, but not wrong about the nature of modern war as played out in the Gulf. In the heat of the moment, he had a thought provoking story to tell.

Cecil Sisson  
Narva Editor

*On the eve of the ground war in the Gulf:*

I wish it wouldn't happen.

Every night as I watch TV I get a pain in my gut. It's like a dull ache that never lasts too long but always returns. I began to notice it a few weeks ago when it became apparent to everyone that the troops were going to have to fight for Kuwait. Everyone had hoped the beautifully winged death planes of the allied air forces would save us the agony, the pain, the torture of having to watch a grisly, frightening and painful ground war. With planes the destruction is somewhere else, in the distance, over the horizon, far from here. The nightmare of death and destruction is not visited on us but on the other guys. and after all, it was the other guys who started it, right? Isn't it right that their brains should be splattered red on the insides of a T-72 tank. Our guys are the ones who die. The other guys just go to doggy heaven don't they?

And up to now we have been pretty much spared the sight of the massive carnage that our weaponry can produce, the piles of bodies covered with flies, the smoking twisted ruins of dusty crumbled buildings, the stark terror in the wide eyes of the hunted as they run

not quite fast enough to get away. All that had been hidden from us. It was hidden from our eyes far over the horizon or 40,000 feet down or a flash in the blackness as our planes fly away at the speed of sound.

What we did see was the graceful and benign harmlessness of a motionless F-15 painted military grey with stenciled lettering here and there on its side. High in the cockpit were our guys, nameless, faceless wearing dark green uniforms, helmets and visors. Just modern day knights riding small black rubber tires and flying titanium. But don't be fooled. These planes are the messengers of death and destruction unlike anything the world has seen before, a death that is carried under the thin, slanted, comely wings. Under there are the vessels of death clothed in grey paint and bearing the white chalk hate messages of the flight and ground crew.

Here is a sidewinder missile. It is designed to fly up the red hot exhaust of an enemy plane, blowing it up and sending someone's little baby boy's guts blasting through the air, aflame. Here is a cluster bomb. It can cover an acre or two with razor sharp shrapnel capable of shredding uniform, skin, organs, head and hair. An arab mother's son is not going to like this efficient American invention. Here is a 2000 pound bomb. It is aerodynamic so it slides quickly, quietly through the air. Look at it for a moment or two. It's just grey painted metal, tear dropped shaped with fins on the back end of it. It's not much to look at now. But from 40,000 feet it can make a hole 50 feet across, 30 feet deep and a concussion that will leave a soldier deaf if he lives. It can crush steel reinforced bunkers and everyone and everything in them. It will vaporize the unlucky troopers in trenches when it comes crashing down on them. It will cause a mother to cry late at night for years to come, years after the "right, just and



viewed President Breckon Oct. 26, 1990. "There is no reason to be concerned about the future of Park College," he said.

By mid November, the Allies' buildup was reaching WW-II levels. The Iraqis on the other side of the line refused to leave Kuwait renaming it Province 19.

As the clouds built over the Persian Gulf, President Breckon dropped another bomb; more budget cuts.

Three faculty positions were eliminated, two in music and one in theatre. Twenty five college staff positions were also cut. An 8 percent pay cut for the remaining college staff was created.

As the new year dawned, open warfare in the Middle East seemed imminent. A very nervous world waited. In mid January, the Allies began waves of air raids against Iraqi forces in Kuwait and Iraq. What had been unthinkable was instantly reality in living color on the world's TV screens.

Though there was much war protesting during the build up; there was none on Park's home campus. At

first, hundreds of sorties were flown against Iraqi forces. Then tens of thousands of air attacks were completed against the Iraqi military.

For weeks the air assault went on, day and night. The networks showed pictures of fighters stacked up behind air borne tankers waiting to be refueled. Once refueled the fighters quickly disappeared over the horizon.

And just as suddenly as the Persian Gulf conflict had started; it was over.

A massive flanking movement by 300,000 allied forces encircled the Iraqis in Kuwait, isolating them. In just three days, the Allies captured and disarmed 42 Iraqi divisions. A million men had faced each other. The Allies sustained only minimum casualties.

Park College continued to carry out it's primary mission; education. Through it's 116 year history, Park has weathered many storms.

And as they have passed, Park College remains.

## *War with weary eyes on the past, future*

moral" war has moved on somewhere else.

Pause for moment and take another look around. Can you hear the sound of hearts stopping, of tears starting, of shovels full of dirt making that dreaded dull sound as they hit the bottom of the hole? Can you?

Up to now, these "tools" were dropped or shot at the enemy on the distant horizon, two mid-air refueling stops away, on someone else's brothers, sons, uncles, fathers and cousins.

Soon that will all change. Soon great numbers of allied troopers will be going into the trenches to finish the gory, nightmarish, hellish business of war.

Soon, very soon a "good" soldier will be aiming his rifle at the head of an enemy trooper and hoping he can pull the trigger quickly enough. He will not notice that the enemy's head exploded in a splash of liquid red. He can't. He doesn't have the time. He is scared senseless and there is more killing to do.

And soon, very soon the evil spectacle of mass death will be visited on those of us on this side of the horizon, on the right side, on the good side, on the winning side. Soon the war will be up close, personal and in color.

Soon, very soon the war will not be viewing elegantly shaped jets slipping quickly through the air off to do battle with an enemy far out of sight.

Soon the war will come to that one picture in the high school yearbook, the shy one with the crooked funny smile, the one who never asked you out but always wanted to.

Soon the war will come to the young wife with three kids. She didn't want him to join the reserves but they needed the money and he liked being with the guys one weekend a month. Now she can't see the TV camera or the microphone through her flooding tears. Soon the war will come to a grandmother. She'll put

another framed picture of a young, handsome serviceman in the walnut breakfront with the others, from WW-II, Korea, Viet Nam. Sitting on the couch in an empty, quiet house full of young ghosts she will discover she has no tears left; none. And she will look away from the pictures of her great-grandsons, trying not to think of the future.

And I try to steel myself for the coming onslaught. I was in the service once. I have an idea what a 50 caliber machine gun slug will do to a guy's head half a mile away. It will blow the life right out of it and start a river of tears from his family back home. I have an idea what the inside of a tank looks like after a 105mm round has exploded inside it.

I feel so sorry for the young women at homes everywhere who are waiting, trying to be strong, trying to take care of the kids, trying not to get scared, trying not to cry too much, trying to have faith but full of dread.

And the President recites high flown words just before a sea of blood, warm and bright, pours over the desert sands.

### *Narva*

*1990-91*

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SADDAM! THE AMERICAN TANKS  
ARE APPROACHING!

... WE WILL RELEASE ALL  
AMERICANS OF ARABIC DESCENT...

ENEMY BOMBERS OVERHEAD !!

NO, NO WAIT... ALL AMERICANS  
WITH A REALLY GOOD TAN...

SADDAM! I'M TAKING MY TWO WEEKS, NOW!!!



David Cedillo, Park College Stylus cartoonist.

Inside the mind  
of a cartoonist...

NO NEW TAXES...  
A KINDLER &  
GENTLER  
NATION...

READ HIS LIPS,  
NOT MINE...  
HIS...



HE'S BACK & IN OFFICE...

DR. GEORGE  
AND

MR. BUSH

Corrado



**L**ooking at this picture of the clock tower, the pinnacle of McKay Hall, an experienced "home-campus" student can almost hear the chiming of bells that will soon denote the half hour. A long term Park student hears the regulated sound of these bells so often that their chiming sometimes passes unnoticed like the incessant humming of florescent lights in an obnoxiously quiet library.

Perhaps you have noticed the toned chimes coming from McKay Hall that mark the passing of time as a relaxed moment is spent basking in the warmth of the afternoon sun glancing of the rock wall of Milsap Foyer - the main entrance to Park's underground facilities. Or maybe, you've heard these bells and the ringing has reminded you of the class scheduled for that particular hour. Actually, the class was never forgotten but the musical rhythm of those bells from McKay act upon your conscience like the throb of Poe's Tell-Tale Heart.

Similar to the beating heart-like sound that Poe's villain imagined he heard, the bells of McKay's clock tower do not exist. According to Norm Roberts, chief engineer in Copley Hall and coordinator of the chimes, the only thing found in the clock tower, aside from the many pigeons, are three speakers that reproduce the sound of the bells.

"Since I've been here [an employee of Park College], that is for the last fifteen years, all that has been in McKay Tower are speakers," says Roberts. "They're wired to an electra-mechanical device found in the Chapel. That's where the sound of the bells comes from."

According to Roberts the 'state-of-the-art' unit found in the chapel can be programmed to play just about anything.

"There's a tape-deck for any cassette, and a keyboard that can be tied in, if you know how to do it," says Roberts. "It's an extremely complicated machine and shouldn't be messed with unless you know what you're doing and have the proper authorization. That means an O.K. from me!"

Roberts says the precision of the chimes in respect to the time shown on McKay's tower not only depends upon the expertise of the person setting the

# For Where The Bell Tolls?

By Tim Reddy  
Narva writer

device in the chapel, but also the integrity of the wires carrying the signal from the chapel to the speakers in McKay affects the timing of the bells.

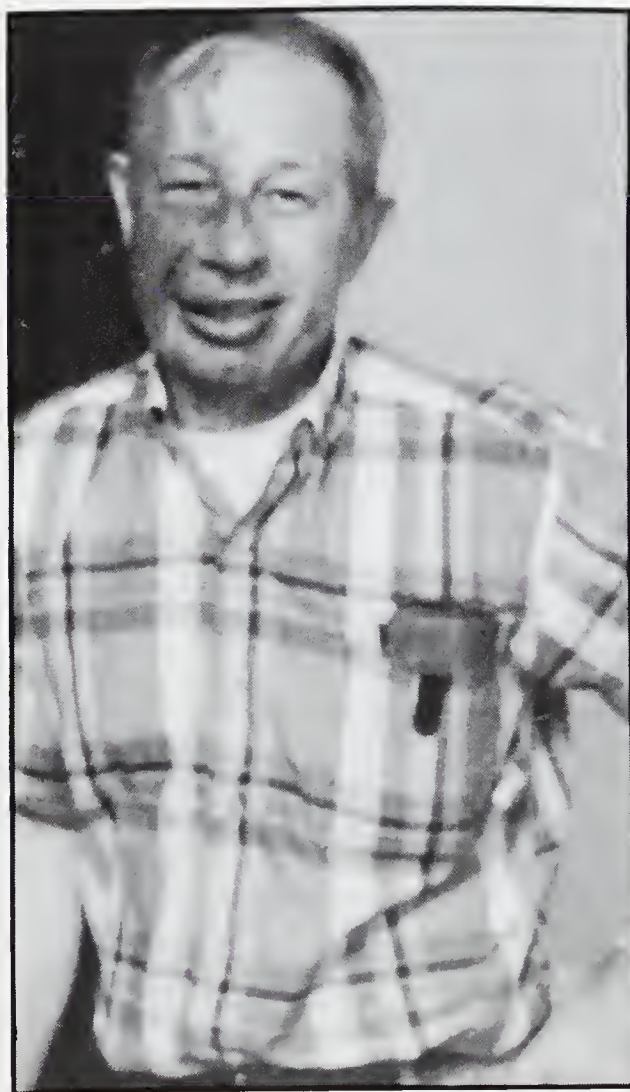
"I cringe every time there's a ditch-witch or a back-hoe working in the vicinity of McKay," Roberts says. "Last year when maintenance was putting new steam lines in, they cut the wire seven times. It's tough to keep the bells ringing under those conditions."

Over the years Roberts has learned all the 'ins and outs' of operating the electra-mechanical device that controls the sound of bells that ring from McKay tower every fifteen minutes.

"If I wanted to," says Roberts, "I could make the bell-sound ring from the tower every five minutes."







The McKay tower (left) contains only the speakers; (above); the works are located in the Chapel, (below left).

Engineer Norman Robertson



# A tale of three non-trad students



photo/Sisson

Kim Hitchborn

Leola Watkins



By Cecil Sisson  
Yearbook Staff Writer.

**A**t this time in Park's history a large percentage of the student body is composed of "non-traditional" students. That is, they are not the typical recently graduated high school seniors going off to college for the first time. The non traditional student population represents a wide diversity.

Take for instance, Leola Watkins. She is enrolled in Park's "Bridge Program" in the nursing department. With one year of training, Watkins will expand her Li-

censed Practical Nurse skills to become a to a full fledged Registered Nurse.

But Watkins, who is a widow, worked for 27 years as an LPN before she returned to school. During that time, she enrolled the two older children in college with the youngest a high school senior. Life is not easy for the non-traditional student balancing full time family responsiblitys, a full time job and school, too.

Watkins, who graduates in May of 91, went back to school so she could earn more money with her new credentials. She plans to use her new skills in chemical dependency nursing.

Troy Snelling, a history major who intends to get a teaching certificate as well, also is a non-traditional student. Several years ago he left home to attend Washington and Lee College in Lexington Va. Late in his sophomore year Snelling's father became very ill. Snelling quit school, returned home to help with the care of his dad and to tend the family's responsibilities. After a couple of years, Snelling's dad recovered. Snelling didn't hesitate to return to school. But this time he chose Park because, "I like small private colleges. I think you get a better education at one. Park was very easy to work with as far as financial aid is concerned. They helped me a lot."

Upon graduation, Snelling hopes to get a teaching job in his home town, Excelsior Springs, Mo.. Farther in the future, he would enjoy become a college professor.

Watkins raised her family, Snelling assumed his family's responsibilities but Kim Hitchborn, another of Park's non-traditional students, took a different route, literally, to becoming a non-traditional student.

On a flight home from the first school she attended, George Mason University in Fairfax Virginia, the flight attendants talked her into becoming one of them. Hitchborn applied, was hired and quit school. A very short three months later, she had completed her flight attendants training and was assigned to the Kansas City terminal. For



**Two years later and almost with out warning, Braniff Airways, Hitchborn's employer, filed for bankruptcy.**



photo/Sisson



Troy Snelling and 59 Cad

## *non-traditional students...*

Hitchborn it was fun. Two years later and almost without warning, Braniff Airline International, Hitchborn's employer, filed for bankruptcy. It was a shock. She decided not to start all over again as a new employee with another airline. Instead, Hitchborn applied to and was accepted at Park College, returned to school and will graduate in May of 91. Says Hitchborn, "After working in the "real world" for several years, I decided that education is priceless. As John Lofflin, (Park newspaper and year-book advisor) says 'You can never have enough knowledge; we can never learn enough'".

After graduation, Hitchborn, a communications major with a journalism minor, wants a nice, safe, stable job in corporate America. "A company like Sperry or IBM or another corporate giant that won't close their doors on their employees like Braniff did", said Hitchborn.

Kim Hitchborn







Debbie Lake



# You CAN go home again

Cecil Sisson  
Staff Writer

**R**ay Cummiskey and a friend had gone to remote spot in rugged Thompson Canyon in Colorado for a several week vacation camping and fishing. The canyon lies at 15,000 feet above sea level nestled among the surround peaks of the towering Rocky Mountains. There the air is never really warm, even in July. Snow is not far away either. But the fishing was good in the deep, clear, frigid mountain lakes.

One Friday afternoon, some rangers who knew where they had been camping stopped by. They hadn't stopped for a chat, they bore a warning to Cummiskey and his friend. Thompson Canyon was under a flash flood warning the rangers said. Thinking it a good time to go to Denver for the week end, Cummiskey and companion left. In Denver, they planned to get a room, nothing fancy. The two could clean up thoroughly for the first time in many days. Food was next followed by some fun on the town. Expecting to return the next Monday, Cummiskey and companion left their tents, sleeping bags, fishing tackle and the rest of their gear at their camp in Thompson Canyon.

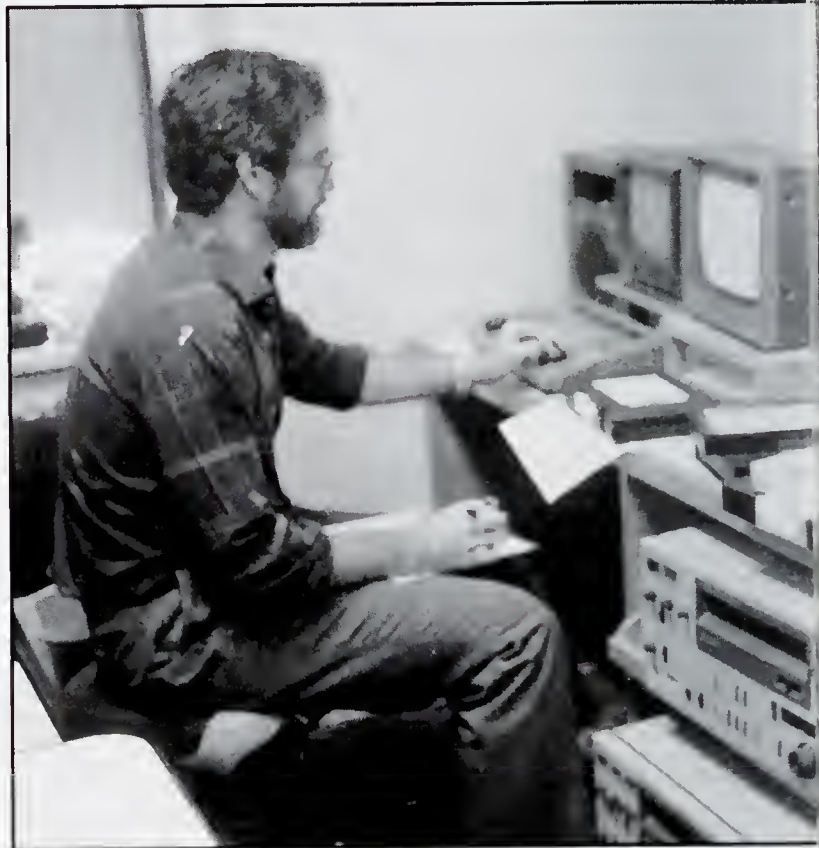
Driving down the steep, winding asphalt mountain road took some time. When they arrived near the end of the mountain road they found it blocked. There rangers told them no one was going up the road. Radio reports said the flood was in progress. Few of the campers in the canyon had heeded the ranger's warnings. Later the death toll was high with few survivors of the flood.

Providence, fate or luck had interceded in Cummiskey's life.

Denver and a high ol' time on the town was out of the question. The two, instead, pointed their vintage '56 Oldsmobile toward Kansas City. They drove all night through a steady pouring rain which gave the car the appearance of being sleek, shiny and new. On the way to KC, the Olds shed its muffler making it loud on its approach and seemingly fast, too.

Over the miles, Cummiskey wondered what to do. He was being pursued by Park College to attend there on an athletic scholarship. Why not go there now. Stay the night or day as the case may be and drive to Saint Louis and home.

Early the next morning, a Saturday, looking disheveled, bearded, campy in appearance and fully red-eyed the two stopped at the President's house. Harold Condit was the Acting President at the time. Sure, you can stay at Park, they were told. Cummiskey thought that was pretty generous considering they had appeared as tramps. Reflecting on the generosity, Cummiskey entered Park college in September of 1976.



Associate Professor Ray Cummiskey

***Providence, fate or luck had interceded in Cummiskey's life. Early the next morning, a Saturday, looking disheveled, bearded, campy in appearance and fully red-eyed the two stopped at the President's house.***

Four years later, Cummiskey graduate earning a 3.1 GPA and a double major, Communication and English. During that time he enjoyed national success on the cross country team, worked on the Stylus and the TV studio. The remaining time was spent at an off campus job. In addition, Cummiskey was Park College's first National Athlete in Cross Country.

After graduation, Cummiskey attended and earned a Master's Degree in Communications from UMKC. Later he taught at Avila and Missouri Western before coming home in 1987.





**Cecil Sisson  
Staff Writer**

**I**t was the summer of 1940 and Harold Smith had decided on attending Park College. His folks didn't have a lot of money to spend on his education but they had decided on college for their son. After surveying the other colleges and universities in the area, Park seemed like the best education for the money.

Park College's charge for room, board and tuition in 1940 was \$326 a year! In addition the students had to perform 15 hours of work for the college.

Smith was eager to go off to school.

In September 1940, Smith left his home in Kansas City to journey out into the country and Parkville. Then Parkville was a small country town far from the hustle and bustle of the city.

Smith's first job at the college was to wash the white wash from the glass on the roof of the green house. Smith somehow lost his perch, slid to the ground in a heap and unconscious. "I knew I had been knocked unconscious because I came to in the doctor's office," said Smith. It was then decided that Smith ought to be a plumber. He performed the functions of a plumber for the rest of undergraduate days at park.

One Sunday in December Smith had just left the chapel after the morning service. As he and his fellow classmates walked up the hill to Thompson for lunch they heard some disturbing news. One of the other students who had had a radio told Smith and friends that the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor earlier that morning. World War II was on.

After that day of infamy, it seemed guys were leaving every weekend to join the services, said Smith. "A lot of guys joined and most came back but a few didn't," said Smith. In 1943, Smith made the trip to Fort Leavenworth to do what so many of his classmates had already done; enlist. Smith says he was turned away because of a curvature of his spine. Disappointed, he returned to Park College to finish his education, graduating in 1944.

After graduation and no chance to join the armed services, Smith joined the aircraft engine maker, Pratt and Whitney which had a factory in south Kansas City. "I

**Professor Emeritus Harold Smith**

wanted to have a part in the war effort," said Smith.

After the war, Smith left Pratt and Whitney taking a display advertising job with the Kansas City Star. In 1948, Smith returned to Park to become its admissions director with his wife being the assistant dean of women. After a couple of years Smith left Park for the University of Denver where he took a master's degree in library science. For the next 15 years, he worked at the University of Denver, the University of Northern Colorado, University of Nebraska and finally the University of Southern Illinois at Carbondale. It was at the University of Southern Illinois that Smith took his doctorate in library science.

In 1964, Smith was persuaded to return to Park College to take over the head librarianship. "That was 26 years ago and I'm still here," said Smith.

Park College has recently awarded Smith the rank of professor emeritus. Lately though, Smith works about 15 hours a week. He is in charge of the library's archives on a continuing basis.

"Changes? I have seen a lot of changes," Smith said. "When I came here in 1940, the freshmen were all very recent high school graduates. Now, the student body on the home campus is less than half recently graduated high school students. Park depends on the older, returning, re-training students.

"We have computers all over the campus now. Computers were totally unheard of in 1940; they didn't exist. Today, Park has specialty programs like sports medicine, the UPS program and the pre-professional program. In 1940, it was just the arts and sciences. When I came here to Parkville for the first time, Parkville was a small farm town far from Kansas City. Now the urban sprawl has enveloped it and the college, too!"







Jeff Anderson



photo/Chailas



***“ ‘I’m still teasing my hair, ’cause you’re still teasing me’ is one line he remembers and sings with a twangy reverberation...”***

# **They played country at home; At Park he’s back to Bach**

**By Jeff Chaltas**  
**Narva writer**

Park student Jeff Anderson grew up listening to country music in his hometown of Alpena, Mich. He didn’t have a choice.

In this town of 12,000, the Anderson’s kitchen radio could only receive signals from *WATZ*, a country-western station. Although he didn’t particularly like country-western, he found lyrics from this genre amusing -- and he still does.

For example: "I’m still teasing my hair, ’cause you’re still teasing me" is one line he remembers and sings with a twangy reverberation.

Now, as a double music major at Park, he carries an insatiable appetite for learning the finer points of his passion. Anderson, a senior, handles a 21-hour course load and is president of the Honors Club, whose members serve as ushers during music concerts, of course.

He also sets up the stage for concerts, designs posters, and performs other tasks for the music department. Maybe it’s a musician’s ingrained need for precision that notes there are 202 steps to the copier on the third floor of Mackay Hall.

As a member of the Independence Messiah Choir, Anderson looks forward to this year’s concert and to next year’s 75th anniversary concert, which will be recorded on compact disc and broadcast internationally on television and radio. Over 5,800 people attend the performance every year at the RLDS Auditorium in Independence, Mo.

His desire to be a musician played to a documented start at an early age. It seems his two brothers were fascinated by the tape recorder and the fun it could produce.

"My brothers recorded me singing some Christmas music when I was three years old," Anderson said. "I sounded so awful."

His voice improved over the years, but music didn’t take center stage until his sophomore year in high school. At Alpena High School Anderson thought he wanted to be an architect for a while -- a profession which has some similarities to music in its terminology and highly structured form. However, he soon found he was looking at the clock in drafting class more than a good architect should so he decided to focus on his music education.

He sang in the school choir, and traveled every month to other cities for musical competitions and workshops. Anderson finally found the objective of every ambitious youth -- an enjoyable vocation. He’d like to return to high school, but in a more influential position.

"I’d like to teach choir in high school, but I don’t know what I want to do beyond that," Anderson said. "If I enjoy it and find it challenging, I won’t leave teaching at the high school level. After I graduate, I want to get in the classroom right away."

Anderson admires such musicians as Beethoven, Handel, Mozart, Brahms, Manhattan Transfer and Tina Turner. In fact, Anderson can sing all the words to Turner’s *Private Dancer* album.



# *Vegans roam the Park campus*

By Jeff Chaltas

Some peculiar people are on our campus. Strange in ways we might not notice unless we stare at their plates while they eat. These aliens are vegetarians -- and they speak a language all their own.

Strict vegetarians or vegans derive their nourishment only from plant sources. Lacto-vegetarians include milk, cheese and other dairy products in their diets. Ovo-lacto-vegetarians include eggs and dairy products. Ovo-vegetarians include eggs. And lacto-ovo-pesco-vegetarians include dairy products, eggs and fish.

People may become vegetarians for ethical, health, religious or environmental reasons, or a combination of these issues. About a dozen Park students and instructors are vegetarians to one degree or another. Most are lacto-vegetarians.

Park student Claudia Cameron is one example of a someone becoming a vegetarian for health reasons. She made the choice when she was 12 years old because of an allergic reaction to meat, more specifically the antibiotics and steroids given to animals. She is a strict vegetarian during the summer, but she is a lacto-vegetarian during the rest of the year when it's hard to fulfill her need for protein without eating dairy products. She also eats trail mix and whole-wheat bread to complete her protein requirements.

"It's difficult to be a vegetarian when you go to a barbecue or family gatherings," Cameron said. "And when I go out to dine somewhere, people have to go out of their way to prepare my food -- it's fortunate that most restaurants don't mind."

When Cameron goes to Taco Bell, she makes sure they hold the cheese and sour cream on her bean-filled burrito. Any meat makes her "violently ill," she said, something she discovered after seeing many doctors who had a difficult time pinpointing the problem.

In contrast, Charles Sullivan gave up meat for ethical, environmental and health reasons. He believes that animals deserve more humane treatment than to be eaten or worn, especially when alternatives are available.

"I gave away my leather jacket," Sullivan said. "I just didn't need it when other materials are out there to wear. As soon as I can afford it, I'm also going to get rid of my leather shoes and find an alternative."

Sullivan became a vegetarian over a year ago after an argument with a friend about the ethics of deer hunting. He decided he didn't need meat to stay alive, and it would be better for the world and him to go without it.

Animals are not efficient protein producers. A cow must eat 21 pounds of plant protein to gain one



**Claudia Cameron**

pound of meat; a pig must eat 8 pounds; and a chicken must eat 5 pounds. The grains the animals eat could be fed to people who are suffering from malnutrition. Also, the rain forest of South America is being destroyed to make room for raising cattle. Many scientists believe this destruction is contributing to the destruction of the atmosphere and the "greenhouse effect."

"I think animals play a bigger role in the universe than mankind believes," Sullivan said. "I think we should treat them better."



By Cecil Sisson  
Yearbook Staff Writer

Todd Hunt, a senior and a communications major, has a passion for music. He is totally enthralled with it. Hunt listens to it, plays it on the radio at Park College and performs it. After graduation Hunt intends to be a member in a rock and roll band though the band will play mostly christian songs.

Hunt's appreciation of music crosses a wide range of the musical spectrum beginning with old time gospel favorites like "the old rugged" cross to the hard rock group of Motley Crue. Among Hunt's favorite groups are Van Halen, Motley Crue and Extreme. Extreme is a relatively unknown group from Boston.

During summer breaks, Hunt tours with his family singing christian music. The group named "The Colmus Sisters and Gospel Country" are comprised of his mother, father, an Uncle and a Aunt. Hunt in addition to playing the guitar sings in the group. One road trip lasted a month Hunt said.

The group has a standard repertoire of songs that they sing but they also do requests.

When he was asked to reconcile such an expanse of musical diversity, Hunt replied, "Music is a religion to some people, no matter what the message in the music is. If it is appealing to you (music) that's all that matters, whether it's Motley Crue or Amazing Grace. It's your free choice, although some people today try to tell us what we shouldn't listen to, but we have the choice."

Hunt decided to attend Park College after passing up chance to attend Central Michigan College in Mount Pleasant. CMU is just 30 miles from Hunt's home town, Clare Michigan, which is located in north central lower Michigan. He also decided not to attend the University of Nevada, Las Vegas. But Hunt said that his mother had expressed an interest in him attending UNLV. "She would have an excuse to come visit me and maybe play a few of the slot machines," said Hunt grinning.

Though Hunt is an only child and admits to being spoiled rotten he says that he is not a "brat". His Christmas's were fun because he pretty much got whatever he wanted but not always. Surprisingly, Hunt has a Criminal Justice minor. Said Hunt, "I took one class, which was a General Education class, and I became interested. After a while I realized that I had enough credits for the Minor." Hunt has no intention of working in law enforcement after graduation in May of '91.

# From "The Old Rugged Cross" to Motley Crue, Todd Hunt loves music.



Todd Hunt





## Bob Ensley recalls gridiron

By Jeff Chaltas

A stocky man in his late 30s strides through the underground area near the library, searching for any one interested in a game of tackle football. Despite the man's barrel chest, several students tell him to count them in.

For Bob Ensley, few things in life can be better than finding enough willing bodies to play a football game.

Ensley, 38, used to make \$75 to \$85 per game while playing semi-pro football for the Kansas City Storms in 1979 and 1980. The team would play teams from Oklahoma, Texas, Nebraska and other states. There were about 10 teams in the league until it folded in 1980.

"We went 9-1 in 1979," Ensley said. "We had a great quarterback. He probably only weighed 160 pounds soaking wet, but he had a rifle of an arm."

Former quarterback great and current Channel 9 sportscaster Len Dawson used to watch some of the games, according to Ensley. The Storms had uniforms similar to Dawson's Chiefs; but, instead of an arrow-head on their helmets, the Storms had a gray cloud with a lightning bolt going through it.

Now, as a member of the Physical Plant staff,

Ensley can't resist the fall ritual of a football game. When temperatures drop and the air takes on the freshness of virgin Canadian wilderness, his competitive instinct still comes alive.

"We get guys together every year to play tackle football," he said. "A few guys get hurt -- usually a knee or an ankle goes out -- but we have a lot of fun."

As a defensive tackle at Southeast High School in Kansas City, Mo., Ensley was voted Most Valuable Player during his senior year. From there he went on to play at Columbia University, but his height -- 5 foot, 4 inches -- proved to be a disadvantage.

"I started three games for Columbia, and then the coach told me that I'm too short to play the position," he said.

"They said I couldn't knock down passes at that height."

Not to be deterred by any limitations, Ensley continues to strive for greatness on the Kansas City area's football and softball fields.

"Trying to be a little bit better than you were the day before -- that's what it's all about," said Ensley.



# Environment subject of professors' book

By Jeff Chaltas

**B**ecause the land can't speak for itself, it's comforting to know some people are speaking for it -- and at least two of these people are on Park's campus.

Sarah Morgan and Dennis Okerstrom, both assistant professors of English, are compiling "Voices for the Land," a book of literary references to the land as told by several different authors. The book, which is scheduled for release in December 1991, will deal with environmental problems.

"We're planning on having a book with eight chapters, each of them with seven readings taken from magazines, journals and books," Morgan said. "In each chapter, we're trying to give some notion of the breadth of the problems and how the problems are related to one another."

Some contributing authors have allowed Morgan and Okerstrom to use their material for free, but there's still a large amount of work to be done to create a book involving dozens of writers, according to Morgan.

"It's difficult getting permission from all these authors," she said. "It involves a lot of paperwork because we're writing back-and-forth and settling negotiating rights to use the material."

The authors are writing brief introductions to each chapter and following each chapter with questions for readers to consider. They and the publishing company, Allyn & Bacon, hope the book will be ideal for second semester composition classes. Morgan and Okerstrom are trying to take complicated issues and simplify them in a form more palatable to students.

"We've chosen writers who have presented issues in the clearest and most concise way," Okerstrom said. "Many issues are not easy to grasp because they're complex and interrelated."

One chapter deals with the development of the desert and the difficulty in trying to make it a livable area for millions of people. This is a problem encountered currently in the American West, according to Okerstrom.

"Many authors believe there is not enough water in the American West to support a high population," he said. "The people have dammed all the rivers, and they've used all the water they can; so now they're using underground aquifers for water, which is nonrenewable."



Dennis Okerstrom and Sarah Morgan

"For instance, in the state of Utah, billions of dollars have been spent in the last century to cultivate that state and make the desert green. After all of this time and money, only three percent of the state is arable," Okerstrom said.

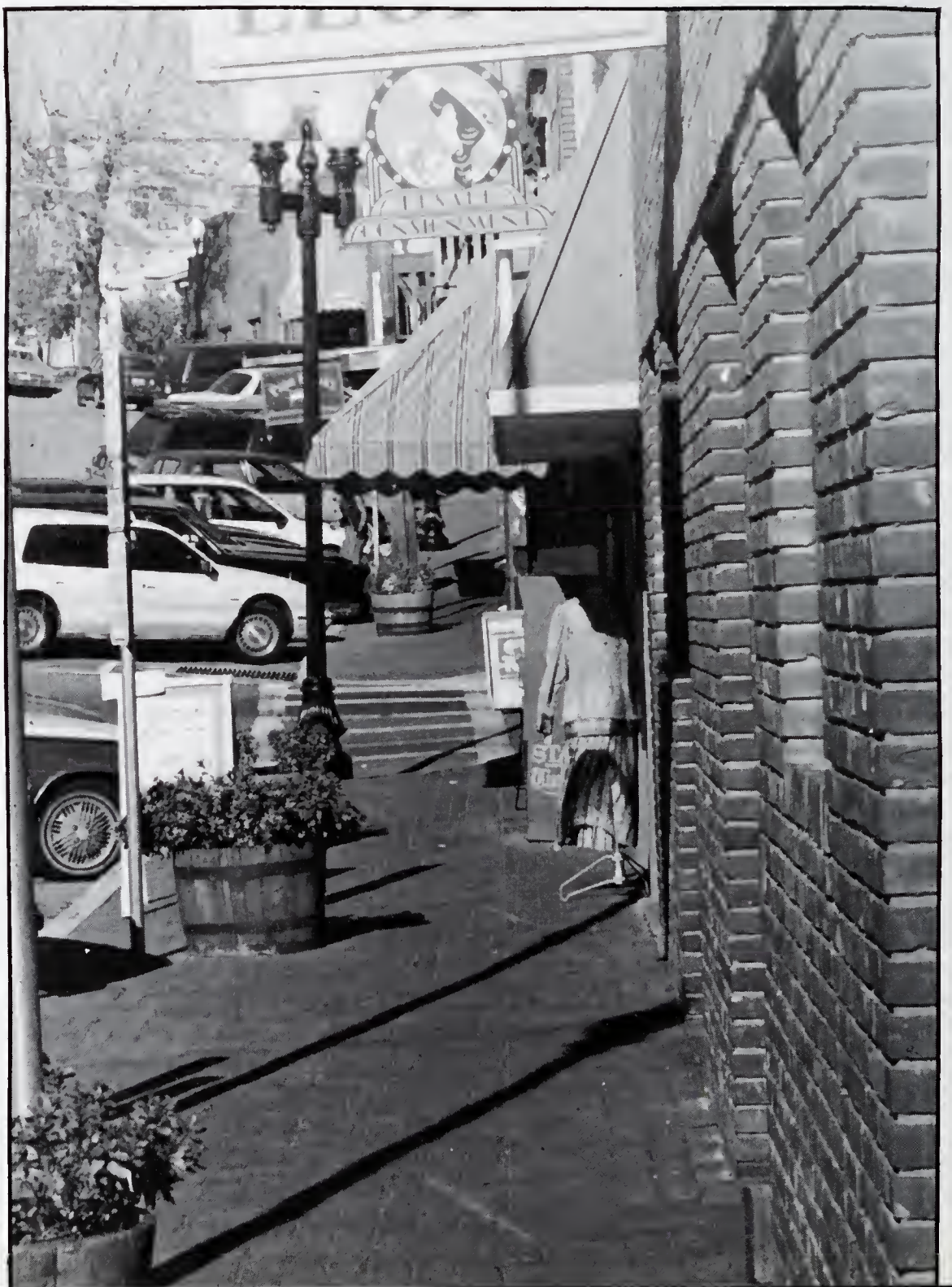
People in the American West are dealing with water in the same way people elsewhere might deal in oil or gold, according to Okerstrom.

"Cities are buying up water supplies elsewhere so they can assure themselves of plenty of water, while the people in the next valley can go to hell as far as they're concerned," he said. "Many authors believe that the American West is a desert region which simply can't support a high population. The Indians lived very well in the desert, but they didn't alter it or inject large numbers of people into it. There are more people on the land than ever before, and more are being born as resources dwindle. Something has to give."



# *Parkville: A venerable river city*

Photo essay  
by Cecil Sisson









# War comes to McKeon's, Parkville's daily town meeting

Shane P. Whitaker  
Narva writer

Good ol' boys, regulars, the Browns, the Whites, and Chuck McKeon gather and discuss the business of Parkville every in the morning McKeon's Parkville general store. From about 6 a.m. to 9 a.m. they come in to enjoy the warm coffee and free conversation.

The 50 cent coffee is served in dark brown mugs with white rims, which the mouth settles around to take a sip. Plenty of cream and sugar in reaching distance from any sitting area.

McKeon's, 15 Main St., Parkville, Mo., displays a sign over its door which reads, "McKeon's/Liquor/Sundries." Sundries are miscellaneous items, and the store is filled with many different types of miscellaneous items.

"Food, beer, and liquor in that order," said owner Chuck McKeon, "brings in most of our business." Space is cramped in the small corner building off First St. and Main St. on the south end of the main strip in this river front town.

Across from the tables, along the south wall stands an antique soda fountain. The eight stool long fountain made of Italian Marble has been in this store for over 60 years as it was installed under the second owners in 1930. Built in 1901 the building is one of the oldest in town.

"Before it was built they used to play horseshoes here," McKeon said. "It also used to be where the town pump was located."

Along walls on the north and south side are Oak cabinets stretching from the floor the ceiling. They were added 19 years after the store was built in 1920, when it was under its original name, Therklod's Drug Store. Some of the cabinets are still covered by glass the cabinets are open shelves in other areas.

As the sun peaks up on Feb. 26 at 6:45 a.m., several regulars have already made their way in and down to a cup of coffee. Sitting around having a little small talk are tables of men in on ball caps which do not hold the logos of their favorite baseball team, or a team from any sport, but instead advertisements for local companies. Two men are wearing the same hat with the word

'Brown' written in large letters and a telephone numbers further down. The men sit with their feet kicked forward and crossed down by the ankles or crossed above the knee or just what is comfortable for each one.

A grey haired man in between the tables that are being occupied on this Tuesday morning, is laid back with his feet thrown way out in front of him and crossed right above the ankles says, "Welcome to the 21st century, you chicken shit." This comment was direct into the air to one man, Saddam Hussein. Hussein and the war in the Gulf has been the topic of much conversation lately at McKeon's; as well as, across the world. But the customers of McKeon's have been able to throw humor in about the situation.

A week before they came up with a plan to give a free meal to any Iraqi soldiers who turned his weapons into them. On Feb. 18 the plan went into effect, but no free meals were given away.

By 7:30 a.m. the television has been turned on to see what new was happening in the Gulf. The five inch black and white television sits at the west end of the soda fountain. The regulars don't pay attention, as Jim 'The cook' turns it on. Peter Jennings is on and announces, Hussein has decided to withdrawal from Kuwait. Jim relays this message heard from the mini television back to the regulars, the conversation pauses as Jennings announces, "Iraqi forces have had enough."

The attitudes toward Iraqi at McKeon's are expressed in a paper cut out behind the soda fountain taped on the mirror; it was the word 'Iraqi' and a paper screw going through it.

Jim and the customer at the soda fountain continue to watch the television. They chuckle together as Iraqi soldiers drop their weapons and kiss the hands of American soldiers. Jim pulls out a plastic candle in a plastic candle holder, and there is no wick to light. The candle has to be turned on and the batteries keep it operated, the candle can not be blown out with the wind. Jim puts the candle in front of this woman as she enjoys the candle light breakfast at McKeon's.

Jim and Linda wear the black polo shirts with an ice cream soda and the word 'McKeon's' on the upper left breast. That is the only uniform required. Linda has on an apron which has the guest checks, for food orders. Jim has a white cloth hanging down from his waist to form an apron. Linda has a yellow ribbon and a small pin of the American flag on her shirt, as Jim





has only a tattoo peaking out from under a sleeve on his shirt.

These regulars joke around with each other. Linda writes the specials down on a chalk board behind the soda fountain, yet underneath the regular menu of food, drink, and ice cream items. Linda walks around every five to 10 minutes and refills coffee mugs; Jim is always ready for any cooking that will have to be done. Several people have come in by now for the sole purpose of eating breakfast.

Jim mixes some eggs in a Styrofoam cup and butters a muffin and places it on the grill along with several pieces of bacon. The grill is about two feet deep and three feet across, he pours the eggs out slowly across the left hand side taking up about half the grill. The eggs are able to cook all the way through without having to be flipped because they were poured out so thin. He brings the eggs together by flipping one half over the other half several times until it is small enough to fit on the muffin, he then put a slice of cheese on the eggs. He places the bacon on the eggs and then collects it all in the muffin to make the breakfast sandwich. The sandwich is put on a Styrofoam plate and served with a slice of orange as decoration, and delivered to the customer by either Jim or Linda.

Jim jokes about the owner and his boss with a customer, "How old do you think Uncle Chuck is?" Jim asks with a smile. "He was a waiter at the Last Supper."

Well, Chuck may not be that old, he isn't even old enough to remember when the store where McKeon's now stands was built. Chuck purchased the store in 1974, after settling down in Riverside, five minutes east of Parkville. Chuck held different jobs throughout his younger years, in fact he tells of delivering out soda fountains like the one at McKeon's on railroads as a young man.

"There are only two or three soda fountains left in the Kansas City area," Chuck said.

McKeon is only the third owner of this building, he said. It was pretty much the way I have it now when I purchased it 17 years ago. .

McKeon says his place is the home of the Platte County good 'ol boys.

"We come in and discuss the business of Parkville," says McKeon.

"The mayor will come in and give us his report."

A group of older retired men have gathered at a third table. they come in a little later since they no longer have jobs to be at an exact time. A hat

worn by one is the kind one would expect all his favorite flies from fishing trips would be worn, or the kind he would wear while riding on his lawn mower. The tan hat had a brim to protect all parts of the head from the sun if worn correctly, and a barker brown line just above the brim. Another one of these older gentlemen was decked out in blue jean material. Coveralls with the carpenter pocket on front, a blue jean jacket, a navy blue colored cotton shirt, and even a denim ball cap; he dressed in a standard color and material.

The smell of cigarette smoke from about two-thirds of the customers floated in the air, until it was knocked out by the heavy, sweet bacon being cooked. Conversational tones sounded like mumbles as there were many different topics being discussed at the same time, but would be erupted by the loud sound of the train whistle one block south towards the river. The train no longer having an exact schedule one can never tell when a freight will give a roar a hundred times louder than a lion. Outside the doors one might even feel a slight shudder in the ground as the tracks are occupied with the tonnage of a steel beast.

A feeling of relief, or one a feeling the United States was on the verge of a definite victory in the Middle East was in the air. It was almost 9 a.m. and the television still rang in the background with nobody pay attention. Then at about ten minutes till the hour, President George Bush spoke to the people of the country.

A silence came to McKeon's as he addressed the country, Jim turned up the small television to maximum volume which still wasn't too loud. Then he walked to the other side of the soda fountain in the silence and turned on a radio. The first station, as if the whole world had stopped to listen to Bush, had the words coming the same as the television. As the president talked of Hussein planning to leave Kuwait, some whispered about the 'stereo' system used. A speech of approximately five minutes left the people in McKeon's; as well as, around the world, guessing what would be the outcome of the military force used on the other side of the world. As soon as Bush finished, the radio was turned off and the television to a low tone. People went back to conversations or started new ones on the information they had just received.

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***"The five inch black and white television sits at the west end of the soda fountain. Peter Jennings is on and announces, Hussein has decided to withdraw from Kuwait. Jim relays this message ... to the regulars, the conversation pauses as Jennings announces, 'Iraqi forces have had enough.' "***

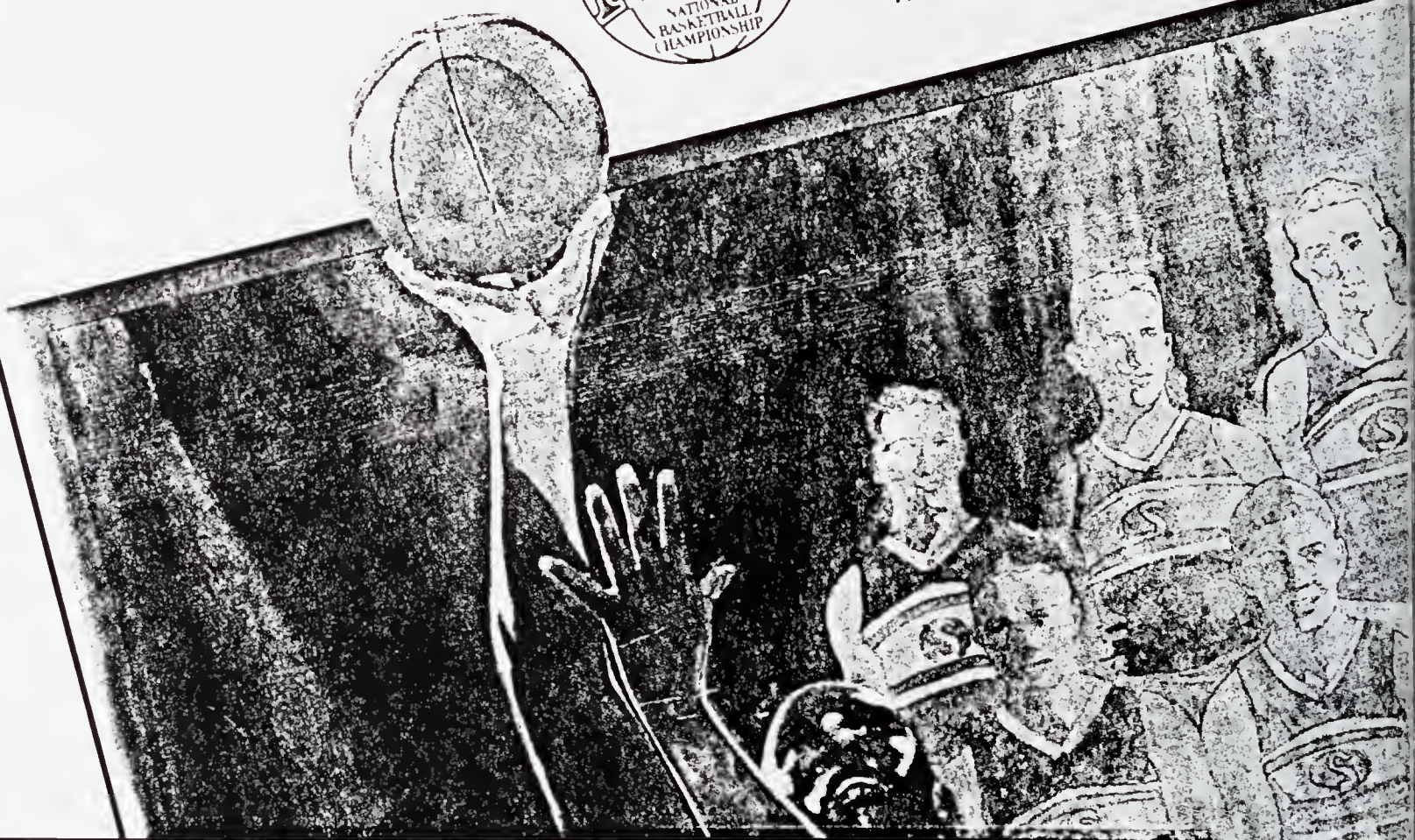
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# 54th Annual National Men's Basketball Tournament

March 12-18, 1991, Kemper Arena, Kansas City, MO



## PARK COLLEGE PIRATES (26-6)

Parkville, Missouri Dist. #16

Coach: David Francis

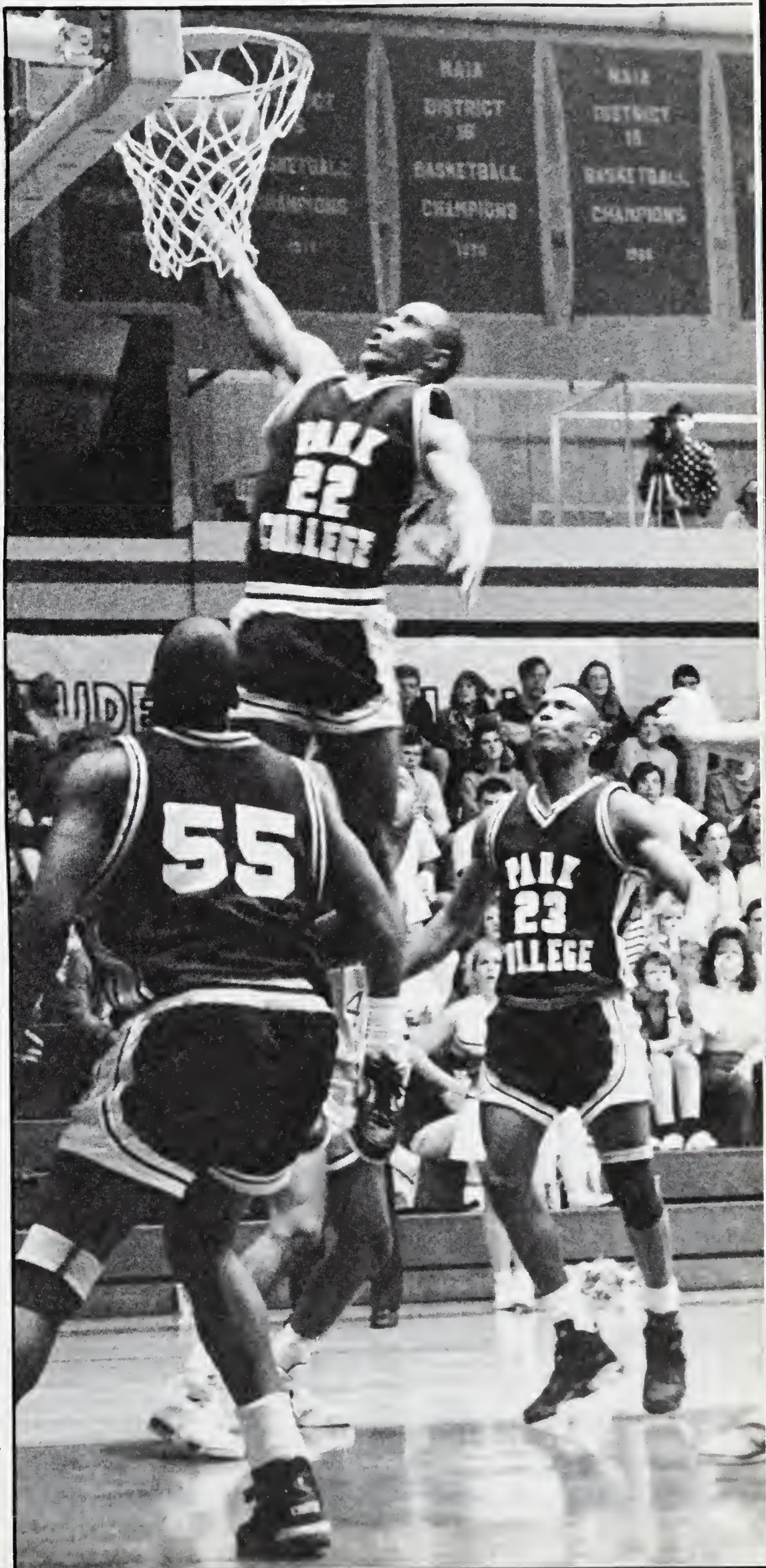


L	D	Name	Pos.	Height	Weight	Class	Hometown
10	10	Todd Baugh	G/F	6-2	215	Sr.	Hutchinson, KS
15	15	Bob Kanatzar	G/F	6-3	185	So.	Kansas City, MO
21	21	Fred Short	G	6-1	175	So.	Saginaw, MI
22	22	John Russell	G/F	6-2	175	Jr.	Bossier City, LA
23	23	Mark Jones	G/F	6-3	195	Sr.	Chicago, IL
32	32	Chad Rust	G	6-2	180	So.	Houston, MO
33	33	Cleveland Allen	F	6-4	205	Jr.	Birmingham, AL
34	34	Arthur Brooks	G	6-0	185	Sr.	Kansas City, MO
40	40	Joseph Smith	F	6-1	185	Jr.	Shreveport, LA
42	41	Bryan Singleton	F	6-5	170	Jr.	Chicago, IL
45	45	Charles Bryant	C	6-7	170	Fr.	Richmond, TX
50	55	Johnny Davis	C	6-4	225	Jr.	Shreveport, LA



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Official Program S3





# *Francis takes Park to first NAIA tourney*

Kim White  
Narva writer

Taking a team from 0-23 to District 16 Champions in just three years is enough to turn the head of any onlooker. That's just what men's head basketball coach, David Francis has done. This sudden turn around has caused many to stand back and take notice of the Park Pirates. It also has caused hysteria among the Park student body.

"It's super to see all the support the students and faculty are giving us," said Francis. "They are all apart of the larger Park team."

On March 6, Francis was rewarded for his efforts when he received the NAIA District 16 Coach of the Year award following his team's 108-90 victory over Columbia in the District 16 championship.

"There's no doubt that Francis deserved this honor," said athletic director Ben Popoola. "When you look at the way he has turned this program around in three years, its no wonder he was given the award."

Francis' face told the story however as his name was called over the PA system and junior John Russell wrapped his arms around him. "I can't desribe the feeling," said Francis.

Coaching is nothing new to Francis, he got his first coaching job as an assistant at Kaskaskia Junior College in Centralia, Illinois during the 1983-84 season. During Francis' three year stay at Kaskaskia, the team posted a 93-13 record and went to the national junior college tournament in 1984-85 where they finished seventh.

He moved on to Bossier City, Louisiana in 1985 and became an assistant for Bossier Parish Community College. During the 1986-87 season, Francis moved on to become the head coach at Marian College in Wisconsin. In only one year at Marian, Francis posted a 29-6 record, including 14-0 in the conference, and was named coach of the year.

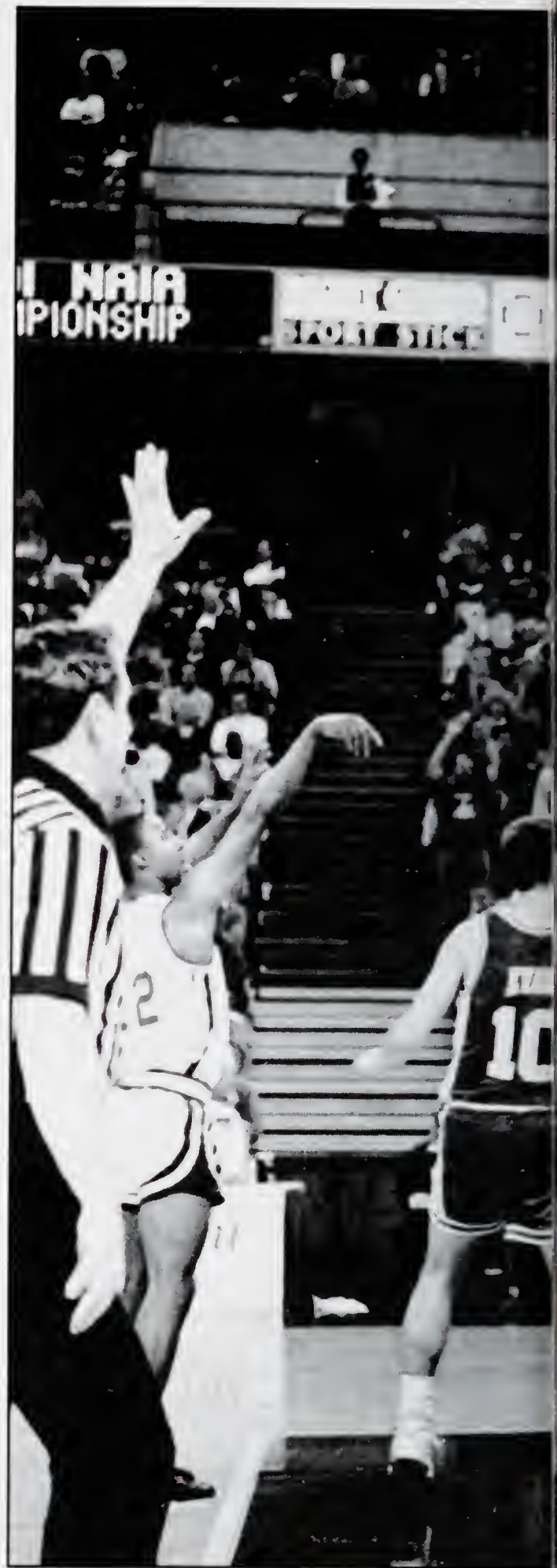
It was at this time that Francis was turned on to Park. His friend and mentor, Frank Evans, suggested that he apply for the head job with the Pirates. Francis was chosen and took the reigns in the 1987-88 season, a season that proved to be disasterous as the men finished 0-23.

Improvement was not far behind however for the basketball program, in 1988-89 the men were able to post a 9-17 record. But it was during the 1989-90 season that the big change appeared to be happening. The Pirates were able to post a 14-15 record.

"I could see the success coming when things began to turn around in 89-90," said Popoola.

Success hit an all-time high this year when Park captured its first NAIA District 16 Championship. Not only did the men capture the championship, but they advanced to the ARA Services NAIA Men's National Tournament. Both of these feats will go down in history.

"The best thing about this success is that I've proved to myself and the public that I am a good coach," said Francis.



**Park loses at Kemper but wins with district awards**





John Russell shoots in a freethrow at Kemper as Todd Baugh and Fred Short get set to rebound.

S.L. Kellogg  
Narva writer

After the Pirates men's basketball team netted their way to Kemper Arena and the NAIA national tournament, Head Coach David Francis expected at least three of his starters to receive District 16 post-season

honors...and they did.

Seniors Mark Jones and Todd Baugh, both forwards who averaged 12 points and 7 rebounds per game, and 13 points and five rebounds respectively, received honorable mention nominations for the district. However, Johnny Davis, the Pirates rock-solid





Pregame spirit...Johnny Davis, Mark Jones, Chad Rust, Todd Baugh, Charles Bryant







Big D--Cleveland Allen and Mark Jones

*Photographs/  
Tim Reddy*



Pressure defense from Mark Jones.







Mark Jones draws a foul in the lane.

### *Awards...* from page 30

center, who averaged 20 points per game and a team high 8 rebounds per game, received District 16 First Team honor and a honorable mention nomination for All-American. Davis started every game during the season for the Pirates and will return next year.

"I thought Mark and Todd would at least make second team," said Francis, "I guess people still aren't giving Park College respect."





Johnny Davis sets and shoots.



Todd Baugh drives to the hoop.



# A day in the life of Park

## Nov. 2, 1990



*...from Papa Franks to way past midnight...*



# College



photo/Chaltas



# Riiiiiiiiinnnnnnnnnnngggggggg



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## Editor's Notes:

*The members of Basic Reproting CA 210, fanned across the Park College campus Nov. 2, in an effort to capture the texture and flow of a typical day on the campus that sits so majestically on the hill above the Missouri River at the edge of Parkville, Mo. Here is the story of that day, as they told it.*

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### 6:16 a.m. The Alarm

The radio goes off at a painful level for the young woman lying in the bed next to her crate night stand. Her eyes slit open and a slight moan escapes her lips. "It's not worth it," she says. "Yes, it is!" She commands herself to hit the 'off' button and she buries her head under her pillow. Twelve minutes later, **Vonceil M. Allen** crawls from the sheets and drops to the floor. She dresses in gray pants, white oxford, blue sweater, and small heels. By 7:20 a.m., she heaves her pack onto her slender back and leaves the room.

At a breakfast of biscuits and gravy, the standard meal for Friday mornings, Allen's boyfriend, **Jeffrey T. Anderson**, begins the conversation with plans for the evening. Everyone, including Allen's roommate, **Kellie Thompson**, seems to agree on dinner with **Dr. Theodore Albrecht**, professor of music, and a movie. Both Allen and Anderson explain that Albrecht will always treat them well and bestows meals to the students who

call themselves "Ted's disciples." "The way to a student's heart is via the tastebuds," says Anderson.

### 6:30 a.m. Herr House

The day, like an old pickpocket with a sense of guilt, is creeping stealthily through the window screen. There he is met by eyes, puffed up from sleeplessness; hands nervously holding a cigarette and a cup of cold coffee; the hoarse voice of **Joe Cocker**: "You're so beautiful..." and the cheerful voice of the commentator from the radio station: "The River-98.9..."; and the automated coiled bodies of the early risers, who are coming from the caves of the bed, like bats and going to search for awakening from the water.

In the best case, all the homework for the day is prepared. There are only some hours for sleeping - the black gap you fall through, without dreams, without hope; sleeping, like dying...For others, it is 6:30 a.m., and sleep for the day is just beginning.

The last thing you hear before morning sleep is the heavy noise of girls' boot heels starting for the stables; the angry slamming of doors coming from the parking places below; the buzz of alarm clocks fixed for now, fixed yesterday for now.

### 6:30 a.m. Outside MacKay



A brilliant pink sunrise bursts across the sky over MacKay. No cars are in the parking lots, there is no flurry of activity on the sidewalk in front of the entrance to the underground. A lone student sits there silently, his mouth agape, his eyes staring at nothing. All is silence.

On the second floor of the Thompson Commons, the four workers preparing breakfast have already been at work for half an hour.

**Gayle Klamm**, her arms covered with white flour, stands in the back of the Park College cafeteria kitchen, by a large cutting board. She uses a silver-colored circular cutter on an oblong slab of scratch dough, carving out today's quota of biscuits.

**Fred Majors** stands by a huge ancient oven, stirring a metal bucket brimming with steaming white gravy.

**Vivion Stubbs** stands near the door, garnishing small bowls of pineapple chunks with bright sprigs of parsley.

And **Sue Brooks**, the sole student employee among the four, wanders through the kitchen, picking up dishes to wash and chatting cheerily. She wears a vibrant flowered blouse under her grey-striped apron, the same type of apron worn by everyone else in the kitchen.

#### 6:45 a.m. Outside Milsap

As morning breaks a young woman leaves her house equipped with a pillow and gym bag. **Connie Espinoza**, the shortest player on the women's volleyball team, is prepared for a long journey awaiting the team.

Travelling to Westminster College in Fulton, Mo. to play at Districts; these young women gather in front of Milsap Foyer. **Jeff Hall** stands bare feet, shorts, and a t-shirt, and a Minolta camera hung around his neck. **Espinoza** sits on the giant concrete flower bed, along with other teammates. A dreary eyed silence lies over the calm Park College morning, some leaves rustle but two large piles; not raked piles but blown piles, lay in a rest on the sides of the flower pot.

"Why are people up so early?" **Espinoza** questions, as two other teammates dart out of the glass doors. Conversations pick up between the Lady Pirates dressed in long sleeve jerseys with bold numbers on the back and knee length shorts, called diggers. Dressed in uniform, another girl hobbles down the steps, supporting some of her weight on crutches. A white cast covers three-fourths of her foot and lower leg, a rainbow colored rubber flip-flop is used for a padding for her foot. Injured **Lisa Nardella** will make the trip with the team, she is the only one with make-up and her toenails are bright red with a new coat of polish. Behind **Nardella** is Librarian **Betty Dusing** who glances over at the team and remarks, "It's a great day for a trip."

#### 6:47 a.m. Hawley Hall

The television in the lounge of Hawley Hall is on. No one watches the screen, no one occupies the sofas or chairs. The lounge in the freshmen men dormitory is deserted in the early morning.

**Woody Woodpecker** performs with kaleidoscope sounds filling the dark and empty room. The antics of this cartoon character draws no laughter from the furniture. Students slowly pass through the lounge on the way to breakfast, a walk, or an early start on the day of college.

#### 6:55 a.m. The Kitchen

**Stubbs** is now setting out grapefruit halves topped with marischino cherries.

The kitchen is a small clean workspace. On the west end of the room are the glass cases and chrome counters of the "line", where the student come three times a day, twice on weekends, to get the hot main portion of their meals.

Parallel to the line is a large refrigeration unit with about a dozen brightly polished doors.

On the same wall as the line is a bulletin board. It is covered with work schedules, phone numbers and a plethora of other materials, both informative and humorous. Signs peer down demanding "Clean as You Go" and "Hat or Hairnet; It's the Law."

There is a typewritten page containing a funny story about a mouse and a crocodile. A handwritten note reads, "This Saturday i cannot be at work. I have to work at my real job."

**Klamm** puts a tray of biscuits in the oven and the air is innundated with the warm, starchy smell of baking dough.

#### 6:55 a.m. Milsap

Coach **Terry Flynn** pulls up in a large brown and tan passenger van with the Park College logo. The players line up to get their pictures taken when **Gretchen Metz** drives up the hill between Mackay and Thompson Commons to the upper parking lot above Milsap. Lining up, they tell **Metz** to hurry up so she drops her bags and dashes over beside her teammates. Several players begin nudging one another and telling each other to smile. **Hall** begins to click his camera several times at different angles and remarks, "Well, good luck guys." **Hall** precedes not to leave as **Jason Benson** carries a large box out the Thompson Commons. **Benson's** hair is wet from a morning shower and hangs neatly combed down his back. He is wearing dark pants, a dress shirt, and a very thin tie around his neck, he then precedes to open the large box and find muffins for the team's adventure in Fulton.

**Benson** begins eating a muffin then hands one to **Hall**. **Hall** wads up the paper bottom and launches it toward the trash container, but misses and then acts as



if nothing happened. The young women have ventured into the foyer where they come out in t-shirt and regular shorts to make a more comfortable trip.

#### 6:58 a.m. Cafeteria

**Tom Day** marches in. A full-time, non-student employee of the cafeteria, he goes about setting up. He places his hairnet quickly and accurately on his head, washes his hands and checks a notepad containing instructions for the day. He pours himself a hot cup of coffee and sets about his chores.

**Tara Howard**, a student, breezes in 10 minutes later. She informs the room at large she is having a bad day. She greets her co-workers.

#### 7:10 a.m. Milsap

Players begin loading up in the van, stuffing the luggage in every nook and cranny and holding their pillows. **Mark Johnson** pulls up in **Flynn's** car which is now filled with gasoline and ready to follow the team. Once everything is loaded the doors are shut and the players pull off with a few quick honks, down toward the Presidents house. Inside Milsap and underground everything is quite but warm. A student sits alone in a chair waving a pencil, **Marilyn Reese** sits alone at a desk in the mail room; as Park College prepares for another day of business. A sign on the arches in front of the library holds a sign which states, "The last day to withdrawal from classes Fall '90 Semester is Friday, November 2nd, at 4:30 p.m."

#### 7:15 a.m. Cafeteria

**Klamm** wraps a large tray of cooked biscuits with a strip she pulls from an industrial-sized roll of Sysco Plastic.

**Stubbs** is running the line today. Usually the job goes to a more inexperienced staff member, but there aren't any this morning, so she will take the responsibility.

**Donna Waters**, dressed in a blue-striped blouse and a bluejean skirt, positions herself at a long table near the entrance. It is her job to check the student's identification numbers

as they come in.

Eight students line up, seconds after the door opens. One, **Kim White**, makes a rhyme out of her I.D. number.

"278 and I'm feeling great," she intones.

Students come in, grab their trays. **Nancy Brooks** forgets hers. "I do this every morning," says **Brooks**. She hasn't been eating well lately and hopes her appetite will return today.

After filling their plate the students sit alone or in small groups at the circular blue-green tables of the cafeteria. They are almost all dressed in T-shirts or Jerseys. Names of major universities and **Bart Simpson** are present at every table. Seemingly everyone wears blue jeans. There are the occasional pair of shorts, reflecting the unseasonably warm weather of this November morning.

#### 7:40 a.m. Copley Hall

**Academic Dean Harry A. Blanton** is in the classroom in Copley Hall 5 minutes before his "Fiction in English" class was scheduled to start.

He lists some word on the board that are significant to the assigned story. The early students follow his moves with drowsy eyes.



#### 7:52 a.m. Hawley Hall

The quiet and cool air is cut through by voices of students leaving for classes. Cigarette butts and a crumpled up aluminum RC Cola can decorate the front steps of Hawley. Clouds of smoke escape from the mouths of friends greeting friends seconds before the words, "Take it easy", leaves their lips.

"Good morning", says **Robert Lee**, as he opens the door and ventures out into the cool autumn air. "Good mornin'", replies a student sitting in the orange plastic chair that sets to the left of the doorway. The student is enjoying his first cigarette of the day. Each drag is savored as the cigarette slowly comes to an end. With a secure step on the butt of the cigarette, the student runs to a red sports car. He hops in the passenger seat and is driven away from the college.



7:58 a.m. Graham Tyler Memorial Chapel

Anderson and Thompson make their way to the Graham-Tyler Memorial Chapel. Sitting in the music department library, she asks for musical requests. Thompson craves Gustav Holst's "The Planets," a personal favorite of the violist. After scavenging through the bottom shelf of L.P.s, Allen is successful at retrieving the preferred music. This classical piece provides background music. On the desk lays a beginner piano book and she hums a piece, barely above a whisper. Anderson starts talking about doing "Canada in the Springtime" as a quartet and Allen agrees that it would be fun. She hops onto the desk and helps sort the choir music used for the Halloween concert. This act ends in a quarrel with Anderson demanding that he is choir librarian, not she. The dispute actually ends peacefully as both huskily murmur "Snack

Attack," another song from Halloween. The finale for the morning's concert is "Under the Sea"--a merry lilting tune that just bubbles forth from the two vocalists.

## A day in the life...

Continued

7:48 a.m. Copley Hall

The remainder of Dean Blanton's class drags in and takes their seats.

"Do you want my outline," asks an amber-haired girl with a Southern accent.

"Yes," says Blanton, looking back at the class for the first time since they entered. As he turns, a face very much like that of Groucho Marx glimpses the crowd. He saunters to the girl, the lower half of his body slumped just a little further than the upper.

He informs the class they should not be tired at 7:45 a.m. No3w that daylight savings time has ended, he says, they are actually in class an hour later than usual.

A girl who sits in the corner of the room procures a pen from her purse, imbeds it between her teeth, and turns her auburn crown of hair toward the action in the hall. All of her attention is placed outside of the room. She appears to mentally block out the lecture on James Agee. It takes her two or three minutes to decide that the discussion of "A Death in the Family" is worth her attention. She starts back to life, yanks her pen from her mouth, and initiates her note-taking ritual.

Dean Blanton delivers the lecture, not from the front of the classroom, but from the seat he has made of the window-sill. He recognizes a visitor in the class, and allows her to join the close-knit family his class has become. He brings her a copy of "Let Us Now Praise Famous Men"





by **James Agee** and **Walker Evans**, and informs her she should look at the pictures. She takes the book, glances at the pictures, and smiles. Is she smiling at the pictures, or is she smiling because this book is from the Park College library, and she is aware of his many rumored overdue possessions the dean has?

A student, adorned in black pants and a black sweatshirt has rid himself of the **Agee** lecture, and taken pen to pad to create. The picture takes no form, but instead simply blooms across the bottom right hand corner of his paper until he shakes off his drawing attack. The sketching slows from the hysterical movement it was in the beginning, and then stops. He looks up, sees **Dean Blanton**, and begins to fix his stare on the moving moustache. A bearded, dark-haired man, sits in the front of the room. He, unlike many of the other students in the class, reads the book that is being discussed but never comments on what he has read. He fiddles with his book-mark; a bright yellow strip which boasts in bold, red letters, "I'M NOT DEAF." He suddenly responds to a question. His voice is a surprise--smooth, mellow, it lingers, hanging above the room for a moment after he has stopped talking, as if new to the listeners, then fades.

**Chuck Sullivan**, a student with brown hair curling over his left eye, begins to hum a song. It is evident the class does not notice his note-sliding. No one looks back to where **Sullivan** sings. **Sullivan** continues to hum "You Light Up My Life." He smiles, pleased that he has softly hummed the entire song without getting caught. He sighs, and then he is ready to get back to **Agee**, back to Copley room 311, back to **Dean Blanton**, back to life. There is a question asked about a character in the book. The question draws **Sullivan** back into the discussion. His response: "Drinks whiskey."

"So let's try for the next time, it will be next Friday, to definitely get through par two," the dean says. "If you finish the book-- great, but try to definitely get through part two."

While most of the class listens for further instruction, **Sullivan**, who sat in the back corner of the room, springs to his feet. He bellows in a baritone, "Nothing more than feelings..." and races to the door. He had been sitting furthest from the door, but he is the first to depart. The rest of the class straggles behind him. The dean erases the board, and packs his notes in his attache. He takes a moment to return to his other job, by having a personal talk with a student who wants to take more than 18 credit hours.

"I wouldn't advise it," the dean says, "but you're

paying for it, and I'm sure my not advising it doesn't mean anything. You students think you can handle everything. I guess time will tell."

**Pat Fayard** enters the room to ask **Dean Blanton** if he is ready for his ride to the airport. His answer is the mechanical motion of putting on his turquoise-green jacket, one that matches the tie. He gazes out the window a moment, pulls into a trench coat and a **Sherlock Holmes** style wool hat, and lumbers out of the room, **Fayard** trailing behind him.

7:50 a.m. **MacKay**

The hall is quiet except for minor sounds. The wind causes windows to rattle and it whistles through the uncertain hinges of the outside door. A piece of old dirty red runner, frayed at each end, lies on the floor.

**MacKay's** outside door opens and **Virginia Bruch**, secretary to the Park College President **Donald J. Breckon**, appears. "Good morning," says **Bruch**. She smiles then disappears into the presidents office.

**Delwood Bagley**, director of student financial services, saunters down the hallway, having entered the building at the opposite end. "Are we first?" says **Bagley**. "It's Friday!" He probes the door handle with his key to gain entrance to the office that will determine the outcome of his day.

"This office is not necessarily the most popular office on campus," says **Bagley**. "Financial aid is such a sensitive area to so many people for so many different reasons. There are problems here, that's true. Sometimes its our fault, sometimes it is not. No matter who makes the mistake...whether it be student financial services or the student, no one likes to admit that they are wrong. You can't blame people for being upset when things don't go the way they plan...it's their money we're playing with."

**Judy Belloff** walks in. The crackling of her lunch sack makes it possible to trail her, even behind a partition, as she heads to the back room for the refrigerator. She sits in her chair and begins sifting through her mail.

A rip and crinkle draw attention to **Pam Mayfield** as she separates a 3-part form. Instead of tossing it, she places the he used carbon in a box so it may be reused.

Her attention is drawn to **Van Jones**, a student employee, as he rummages through an old box lid of miscellaneous forms. "Honey, I'll tie your shoe," says **Mayfield**. As she ties his shoe, **Jones** continues his search for the form needed to package

## A day in the life...

Continued





a student from one of his military sites.

As each program specialist builds the momentum necessary to achieve his or her tasks, the office symphony begins. Paper shuffles, chairs squeak, staplers bang, staple pullers click, computers beep. Then comes the climax of the piece. The rumbling of old file cabinet drawers. Unlike a real concert, though, this concert doesn't end until 4:30 p.m....and now it's only a beat before 8 a.m.

#### 8 a.m. The Cafeteria

There is virtually no business on the line. Stragglers wander in occasionally.

**Linda Methner**, restaurant manager, sits by **Waters** and helps her tally the breakfasts. She is dressier than her staff. She wears a blue polka-dot jumper, red beads and a large cloizienne pin in the shape of a broken heart.

"We serve biscuits and gravy twice a week, by popular demand," says **Methner**. "When I first got here I wasn't putting it on the menu. The comment board quickly informed me to serve it."

#### 8 a.m. Underground

**John-Pierre Chastagnol**, computer technician, is the first sign of existence noted in the desolate halls of the cave. **Chastagnol** is approximately 6-feet-6, with dark hair and glasses. The strenuous activity he is performing causes him to overexaggerate the bend in his legs for strength, as he shuffles to the mailroom carrying a box about the size of a 24-inch television. The box repeatedly bounces off the thigh of each alternating leg as the veins in his arms grow visible attempting to maintain a stable grip on the box slipping away from him. His teeth grit tighter and his face quenches intensely as he struggles through the last few steps to his destination. He makes it. "Whew," he says taking a deep breath.

#### 8:05 a.m. Underground

**Richard Henry**, senior on the men's soccer team, and **Jennifer Moore**, a sophomore on the women's soccer team, race through the underground trying to avoid being later for their 8 a.m. class. "I still can't figure out why I took an 8 a.m. class", says **Moore**, yawning.

#### 8:10 a.m. Underground

The underground is as peaceful as an empty church sanctuary. It seems as though the underground has been empty for hours, days, even weeks.

#### 8:20 a.m. Underground

Click, click, click, click. A woman's high-heeled shoes can be heard in the distance as each step meets the tile floor. Immediately, the clicking dies out as the unidentified woman wanders deeper into the cave. The peacefulness of the cave renews itself.

#### 8:25 a.m. MacKay/Finanical Aid

**Jones** locates his form and his Big Gulp sloshes in transit to his desk to resume his project.

"Do you know what today is?" says **Mayfield**. "It's biscuit and gravy day." **Renee Jack** smiles as she looks at her watch.

#### 8:25 a.m. Cafeteria

**Robert Ensley** of the physical plant rushes in.

"Tell your people to be careful throwing things into the dumpster," says **Ensley**. "Got me."

The kitchen crew starts cleaning up. The clatter and tinkle of dishes emanates from the kitchen area.

The last two diners straggle in. **Johnny Davis**, dressed in an orange African leopard-skin print with a matching pill-box hat walks down the line. With him is **Mark Jones** wearing red overalls with one strap hanging down. A gold chain with a pendant spelling "Mark" hang around his neck. The two men have the biscuits and gravy.

#### 8:30 a.m. Financial Aid

The Galley begins its famous Tuesday and Friday trade...one biscuit and gravy for 80 cents. **Mayfield** polls the rest of her co-workers to see who else might be interested.

"Staff meeting time...staff meeting time," says **Bagley**. All employees roll their chairs to the center of the office. "Does anyone need a student worker to help them with their work load today?" he asks. "Any questions or comments?"

A question is raised about employees and their financial aid. "I would like to remind you that we are here to help people," says **Bagley**. "It's true, employees are eligible to receive scholarships and benefits, but we aren't here to just help employees, we are here to help people."

**Wendy Rigg** comes in to see if her financial aid transcript from UMKC is in. "That's one reason I came back to Park," says **Rigg**. "UMKC couldn't seem to get their stuff together." **Rigg's** financial aid is being held until UMKC sends her transcript.



#### 8:30 a.m. Cafeteria

The line closes down.

Seventy-eight people have passed by **Waters**. On the average, the kitchen serves between 75 to a hundred breakfasts a day.

"Breakfast is the easiest meal," says **Sue Brooks**. You should see lunch. Lunch is a madhouse."

#### 8:40 a.m. Chapel

Professor **Timothy Corrao** slaps into the office with leaden steps. "**Timmy**," says **Allen**, "you reserved the chapel for this weekend. Do I need to tear down the stage set up for the orchestra?" As orchestra librarian, one of her duties is to erect and dismantle the stage if the chapel will be used for another function. **Anderson** questions her about working in the chemistry lab in the afternoon. She simply nods. He believes that the two of them could easily establish an alternative high school franchise for chemistry and call it **KemLabb**.

#### 8:45 a.m. On Campus

On her way to class in the underground, **Allen** offers a warm smile and a sincere hello to those she passes. **Victor Kirks**, **Lennie Becker**, and **Arthur Brooks** reciprocate the morning greetings. Waiting for children psychology to begin, she spins her high school class ring on the desk and concentrates on each rotation. "It's a habit that **Jeff** taught me," says **Allen** to herself. The ring is stilled and she looks up. A question is posed about a possible homework assignment that she might have forgotten. **Carolyn Ford** and **Ongie Douglas** assure her she has not missed anything. **Dr. Sue Ferro** begins her class with a brief reminder of the assignment on children's cartoons and programming. **Ferro** would like students to contribute to a psychological journal. **Allen** shoots her hand up and whispers, "It would be interesting."

The lecture on social agents for children stimulates discussion from the entire class. **Allen** contributes siblings as an influencing factor on a child's development. When asked about the function of play, she says, "Social development and creativity." Yet, she answers, "Parents won't take children to some open place to play." She suggests this reasoning to the kind of logic behind the increases in individualistic play today. At 9:35 a.m., the class is asked to act like third graders and they play "Heads Up, 7-Up." **Allen** chuckles and the rest of the class joins her in a third-grade giggling session.

#### 8:50 a.m. Underground

Students begin to assemble throughout the cave,





most of them appearing weary eyed and partially coherent.

**Juan Vargus, Johnny Winston, and Damon Alexander**, all members of the track team, establish themselves at the couches nearest the mailroom. This looks to be a popular and desired location for students to relax before they continue with their agenda for the day.

The topic of conversation among the athletes is the women's district soccer game today at 3 p.m. against Missouri Valley. If Park wins, they will play Lindenwood College (whom they've never beat in play-offs the last three years in a row) on Nov. 3. The winner of that game will then go on to regional play in St. Louis to battle it out in order to advance to the National Tournament held in South Carolina, Nov. 19-24.

#### 8:53 a.m. Underground

**Michael Dumain**, the Hebrew, Latin, and Russian instructor (who claims he can speak more than 20 languages), peers out of the word processing center and greets Junior **Byron Von Leggot** in Hebrew. "Manishma," says **Dumain**. **Von Leggot** responds with a smile.

#### 8:58 a.m. Underground

Students begin to scurry from their social sites to attend their educational ones. 9a.m. class begins in two minutes.

**Laura Davis**, a sophomore also on the soccer team, and **Ericka Benson**, manager of the women's soccer team, briskly cut around the final corner of the twisty underground to discover, in relief, that they've made it to class on time. "I told you that we weren't late," says **Benson**.

#### 9 a.m. Copley Hall

The atmosphere at **KGSP**, the campus radio station located on the second floor of Copley Hall, is cold and dark, almost giving the control room the feel of a cold jail cell. The last signs of life, except for the scattered compact disc cases on the table, had all but disappeared in the hours when the last disc jockey had signed off the air.

Adding the spark of life to the station by merely flipping the four power switches, **Tina Goade** enters the studio, ready for her air shift. **Goade** walks across the room and flips the transmitter and while waiting for it to warm up, she shuffles through the collection of 45's and compact discs, finding the selection that she plans to play during 'Tea Time with Tina T.', **Goade's** radio show. She then runs across the studio, grabs the sign on cart, which will officially start another day on

the air. "I really like this thing!" says **Goade**, as she loads six compact discs into the compact disc player. Music emanates from the speakers hanging from mounts on the walls. The moment the music starts playing, **Goade** is pulling her public service announcements from the rack on the wall. "We rarely get a chance to rest between songs," says **Goade** as she checks the program log that gives the times that each public service announcement must be played.

**Goade** pushes the button on the control panel which sends her voice over the airwaves. She speaks with a clear, smooth voice that might soothe the most tense listener. Articulating each word, she reads the day's news to her listeners, informing them of new developments in the **Persian Gulf**. Hundreds of thousands of American troops have been deployed to the region in anticipation of a war that may or may not happen, and tension is high. The crisis dominates the air waves every day. After finishing the news, it's time to run another public service announcement. Exercising

the agility that only an octopus possesses, **Goade** pushes several buttons and slides a few sliders on the control panel, fading from one public service announcement to another. While these are playing, **Goade** is pulling compact discs and tapes from the rack and cueing her next song. She pushes a few more sliders, and her soothing voice is announcing the next song.

## A day in the life

Continued

#### 9 a.m. Copley Hall

It's animatedly here. Everyone is holding a cup of coffee - light, tasteless and harmless... The secretary of the Communications Department, **Toni Griggs**, a long-time Park College employee, is smiling and passing down the corridor.

In the class of "Theory and History of the Mass Media" everybody silently is sitting and pretending to "absorb the knowledge". In fact, everyone is somewhere very far away in himself.

**Stan Willis**, again, has wet hair, diligently smoothed out with a hair comb, so he resembles a movie star from the 1930s, or perhaps **James Dean** from the 1950s. **Shannon Kellogg**, *Stylus* editor, acts as if he is tripping over his long limbs; his face is still marked from a pillow and he often yawns. **Cecil Sisson**, a returning student who took a two-decade sabbatical



from higher education, is brisk again and without cause-cheerfu; his spontaneous laugh splits the room.

Nothing unexpected happens. **Willis** wears today the same T-shirt with the inscription "Where the good things are happening?" Bad sign. What might be the "Leo's" horoscope for today?

#### 9:05 a.m. Underground

Once again, the underground is calm. Frequently ringing telephones and copy machines in use pollute the air with their abnoxious noise, disturbing the deadly silence.

#### 9:15 am Hawley

"Don't ya hate livin' on the fourth floor?", says **Neil Burt** as he and **Shane Whitaker** make their way up the stairs. As the two retire to their rooms, other students emerge from their rooms and head to the shower room.

The blue carpet of the fourth floor has not been vacuumed yet and paper scraps and wadded up cigarette packs find their home in the corners of the hallway. The white stone walls cause students to squint as they head to the shower.

#### 9:20 a.m. Underground

Freshman **Tami Olson** leaves her work study job momentarily. Her flourissant orange jacket in the midst of the luminant cave, causes her to stand out like a glow-in-the-dark reflector in the darkest of night. She walks slowly to the candy machine and studies it, as if she were searching for a hidden message in an abstract painting. It's quite interesting to observe how he opportunity of choice is capable of confusing the human mind. After three minutes of pondering, **Olson** pushes the 'button of choice' and watches the package of **Grandma's Cookies** get pushed forward and drop to the bottom of the machine. Satisfied, **Olson** claims her sought-out puchase and returns to her job.

#### 9:35 a.m. Underground

**Dorothy May**, one of two biology professors at Park, walks rapidly through the hallway leading to the library. She waliks purposefully, as if she is in a heavy mode of concentration.

#### 9:37 a.m. Hawley

**Kert Gilerspa** arises from his bed, grabs a towel, and finds his way to the shower. He pauses for a moment at the green chalk board filled with chalked up messages from the previous night. "**Kert call Jennifer**", he reads aloud in a deep sleepy tone. He then turns to the shower and enter the warm and moist room.

#### 9:48 a.m. Underground

Once 10 a.m. draws near, students begin to stray off to the mailroom. The mail is distributed around this time everyday. It appears to be an important and personal task for students to check their mailboxes daily. to hear from the outside world (friends, relatives) is uplifting for present moods and emotions.

"I never get any mail," says Sophomore **Vanessa Hall**, turning away from her box in disappointment. However, failing to hear from the outside world can be just as offending to one's emotions.

#### 9:55 a.m. Education classroom

**Allen** and **Anderson** fidget in their seats and break out into song once again. A mumbling "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" builds, changes into a warbling "Stars and Stripes Forever" and winds down with a scarcely audible "Rhapsody in Blue." Before School as a Social System begins, **Allen** speaks with **Heidi Williams**. **Williams** questions **Allen** about her major. "I will end up with a specialized degree in chemistry," she says. "It really means physics and lots of chemistry. Eventually, it's like a major in chemistry and the accreditation in secondary education is like a minor."

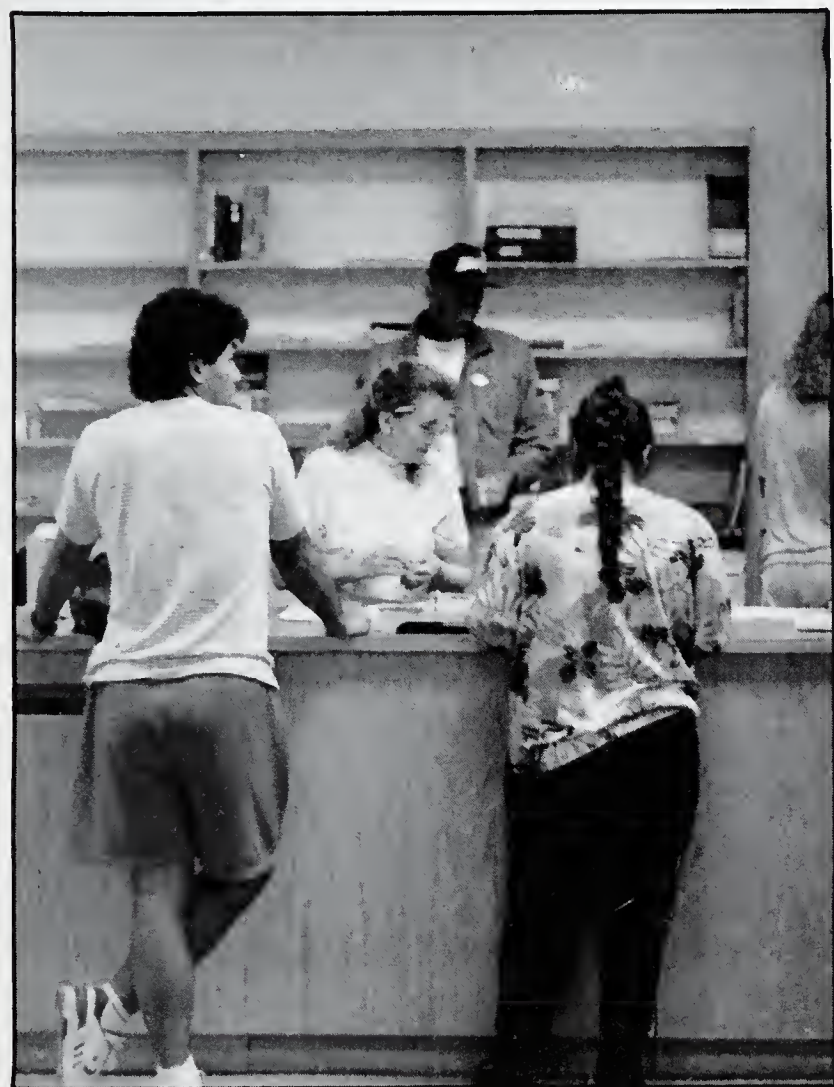
**Dr. Blanche Sosland** spends the entire hour reviewing an inventory sheet on the philosophies of education. The statement was made: "The library is the most important part of a school." The correct answer is an idealist who would favor such a thing, but **Allen** quickly seized the moment. "A realist might differ," she says. "Libraries are full of facts as well. Even in chemistry, you can go and find proofs and experiments." Class ends at 10:54 a.m.

The next stop is the bookstore. **Anderson** and **Allen** stroll aimlessly and say 'hi' to **Sharon Foster**. The act is performed to waste time until she can see **Dr. Bill Pivonka**. "Doc," as **Allen** lovingly refers to her mentor, teaches an organic chemistry class to the pre-professionals. They enter the classroom and shop talk begins

## A day in the life...

Continued





about work in the lab. This continues through the underground and out of the **Milsap Foyer**. Outside, a mock wrestling match ensues as **Doc** attempts to pitch **Allen** into a pile of rust and copper-colored leaves. **Doc** walks away and the couple saunters to the cafeteria for lunch with **Jeff Chaltas** and **Kellie Thompson**.

#### 9:57 a.m. Underground

9 a.m., class is over. Students who have a 10 a.m. class or other commitments begin to congregate in the cave. One of these students is **Mark Jones**, a 6-foot-2' junior on the basketball team. He struts down the hall to the mailroom. He returns momentarily empty-handed and seemingly unbothered by the fact that he

didn't receive any mail. **Jones** begins to rap (as he always does) the lyrics of a popular rap song by **L.L. Cool J**, his arms and hands gesturing to the beat of his voice. **Jones** is also notorious for rapping about the impulsive thoughts that swarm through his mind. "Me and my posse like to clown around," raps **Jones**, "as we create debate and chill - in the underground."

**Bryan Singleton**, alias **Snake**, passes **Jones** on his way to the mailroom. They both nod acknowledging the other's existence. **Snake**, (who possibly acquired this title as a result of his tall thin body) is also eager to see if his box has been filled with a surprise from the mailman. A white envelope is visible through the tiny window of his box. **Snake** removes the envelope, to conclude that the contents of the envelope is merely, campus mail. The discontent apparent on **Snake's** face resembles that of a young girl who receives a phone call from a boy, only to discover he wants the phone number of her best friend.

#### 10 a.m. Underground

Stragglers are the only remains of activity. 10 a.m. classes have begun, and the underground grows into a hush and stark location once more. This occurrence seems to be as routine as the "hustle and bustle" one minute and the "peacefulness" the next of an airport terminal.

#### 10:10 a.m. McAfee Library

Orange and green pumpkin windsocks and a white paper skeleton hang from the ceiling and sway gently in the breeze from the opening door. There is the muffled sound of cart wheels rolling on the carpet and a slight squeak of swivel chairs at the card catalog. Green plants and long open corridors help to ease any claustrophobic feelings, as McAfee Library is part of the underground facilities at Park College. It is also workplace of reference librarian, **Ann Schultis**.

"Learning about how information is structured and how to match the person with the information they need is an enjoyable part of my joy. I also like to work with people very much." **Schultis** says. From the windows of her office, **Schultis** can recognize distress signals at the card catalog and rescue students from the sometimes confusing mass of reference materials.

**Schultis's** other common daily activities include professional readings from library journals, processing the mail, handling inquiries from other libraries, and dealing with immediate questions and problems which her frequently ringing phone brings her. **Schultis** is responsible for scheduling library meeting rooms and for formal library instruction. An instructor may arrange to bring a class to the library for a tour and how-to session. "I will meet with the class in a seminar room and talk with them about the tools they will need to use for their projects." **Schultis** says. Faculty



meetings and weekly library staff meetings occupy some time. The library staff is currently updating the procedures manual. A typical staff meeting would also include department reports, policy matters, seasonal projects, and any student staffing problems.

#### 10:15 a.m. Underground

Coach **David Francis** bounces through the underground carrying papers in his hands and smiling, as he too makes way to the mailroom. **Francis** has the reputation of being a warm-hearted man with a positive attitude. He improved the men's basketball record, considerably, the first season he coached for Park in 1988. since then, the team has been nothing but a competitive threat to their opponents.

**John Lee Russel**, another member of the basketball squad, exits the library with **Lisa Gorman**. **Gorman**, a junior on the soccer team, is well-known for her sarcastic humor. Her silky long blonde hair amplifies the natural beauty of her face, and the clarity of her complexion makes one wonder if she's ever had a trace of acne.

#### 10:32 a.m. Underground

The unpredictable activity of the underground increases as three more students exit the library. **Heidi Schroeder**, **Marie Giani**, and **Dawn-Marie Glotton**, soccer players, remain in a horizontal line, as they travel from the mailroom to the entrance of the cave. "We're going to this game today," says **Schroeder**. "Of course we are," replies **Giani**, "we already beat them 6-1 in the regular season." **Glutton** interrupts, "Look you guys," she says, "Don't under estimate the other team. Over confidence and cocky behavior can result in an unexpected upset."

#### 10:45 a.m. Underground

"Hey," screams **Jamie Johnson**. "What are you doing over there!" "Hey, how are you doing?" **Vanessa Hall** shouts back.

"Is all of the mail out yet?" asks **Karla Champncy**, leading scorer on the women's soccer team. "Yes it is," **Marilyn Reese** says. **Reese** is the mailroom clerk and claims she gets asked that question at least 10 times a day.

#### 10:49 a.m. Underground

**Scott Wolfe** and **Jamie Collins**, freshmen on the soccer team, kick a soccer ball back and forth down the longest stretch in the underground. The distance between them exceeds 15 yards, making it possible to hear their feet meet with the leather coating of the

ball. "Kick it to me," says **Wolfe** disgusted, "not to the coke machine."

#### 10:50 a.m. Library

A printer at the word processor table refuses to print, and **Schultis** is available to help. "The computer and printer speak to each other, and they have to be speaking in the same language," **Schultis** says. By pushing a few buttons she quickly brings the printer back to life and it obligingly fills the paper with words.

#### 10:51 a.m. Underground

Seniors **Kokita Burts** and **Quiah Saydee** (a foreign exchange student from Liberia) joke around outside of the word processing center. **Burts** throws a grapefruit at **Saydee** and laughs hysterically in a high-pitched cry, generating from her diaphragm and completed in her larynx. They continue to walk to the entrance of the cave.

#### 11a.m. Library

**Schultis** directs a walking tour of the library, stopping at areas named after their benefactors. **Harold and Georgianna Condit Room**, **Richards Room**, and **Tipton Family Room** mark a few of the many donations. "A small liberal arts college needs gifts to survive," **Schultis** says. Park College has two support groups: **The Friends of the Library** and **The Park College Historical Society**. **The Friends of the Library** was formed 18 years ago and conducts fund-raising activities through book sales. **The Park College Historical Society** helps support the archives area and special collections of the library. Park also receives gifts-in-kind from other university libraries. Medical libraries at **Trinity Lutheran Hospital** and **Shawnee Mission Medical Center** are some who have frequently donated materials. Individual benefactors also call **Schultis** with items to donate for the book sales or money designated as a memorial. "The library is grateful for the generosity of its friends," **Schultis** says.

To provide quiet thinking space, the library has individual study carrels and study rooms, which are often used by groups of students preparing for a test. The 24-hour study room is open around the clock and accessible from an outside hallway. A security camera is on guard to provide safety for late-night studying, and this is the only place where food is allowed. **Schultis** explains that food is forbidden in the main library, because bugs tend to follow food. When they've finished the food, they munch the pages of books instead.

Art work by local and regional artists is displayed in the **Campanella Gallery** of the library. Currently, landscape pastels are on display, and student shows are exhibited several times a year.



### 11 a.m. Sports Medicine

Debbie Jackson, the bright eyed, blonde haired head trainer of **Pinnacle Rehab**, the sports medicine oasis at Park College, unlocks the solid gray doors that lead to the training room. Followed by student trainer Ray Lowe, Jackson steps from the misty dampness of the tunnel into the brightly lit, immaculately clean training room. The chrome of the equipment shines from the reflection of the lights overhead. Jackson, who holds a PhD., predicts "organized chaos" ahead, as today Park hosts the District 16 women's soccer playoffs.

### 11:02 a.m. Underground

The underground is amazingly empty. A whisper could be heard from 30 yards away. It is evident, silence is a dominating force of the underground, but only when it remains abandoned, the presence of any human activity non-existent.

### 11:05 a.m. Complay Hall

David Ccdillo steps into the studio and begins to prepare for his show in his own way. He leaves the studio for a moment and ambles in with an arm load of old jazz records and new compact discs. His show doesn't start till noon, but his answer to the question of being early is "The disc jockeys must be at the station at least a half hour early for their show."

### 11:10 a.m. Library

The yearbook photographer arrives to take Schultis's picture. She poses behind a desk and contemplates a large opened reference volume.

The tour arrives at the office of Dr. Tom Peterman, the library director. He hands Schultis some materials for a meeting and discusses some possible furniture arranging and lighting for study carols.

### 11:20 a.m. Sports Medicine

Melissa Starman, starting stopper for the Lady Pirates soccer team, enters the training room with an exciting smile on her face, enthusiastic about the upcoming game against Missouri Baptist this afternoon. She announces to Lowe, who is currently putting music

on the sound system that will hopefully serve to "psyche up" the players, that she is ready to begin her therapy to prepare her leg for the game. Meanwhile, Jackson moves about the room preparing supplies for the matches in between phone calls and questions from student trainers. Lowe helps Starman through her leg

exercises as they discuss the topic of the day: soccer. Discussions vary from the women's match this afternoon to the men's match tomorrow against arch-rival Rockhurst College for the District 16 championship. All in all, spirits are high, due to the excitement of the soccer teams and the fact that it is Friday.

### 11:30 a.m. Library

There is a crowd of students at the word processing area. Their chatter is mixed with the click and hum of the machines. Books and papers cover the table. Two students are at a

study desk, heads together in silent conference over the material in front of them. One student stands at a

# A day in the life...

## Continued





computer screen scanning for periodical information. There is a phone call in progress by the front door, as a student tries to place a long distance call charged to her home phone. A life-sized human sculpture stands outside **Schultis's** office, sometimes startling newcomers with his presence.

#### 11:40 a.m. Sports Medicine

**Starman** sits patiently with several wires attached to her leg, which is resting in a bucket of water, connected back to a multi-knobbed physical therapy machine. Soccer is still the dominant topic. "Will the girls advance to the championship tomorrow? How tough will the match be? If the girls do advance, how will they do at regionals in St. Louis? Wouldn't it be unbelievable if our team, which is only in its third year, were to advance to the national tournament, and maybe even win? What if we lose?" Hopes, fears, and dreams of the soccer team are discussed. Apparently, such things go with the territory of being the 4th ranked team in the nation.

#### 11:45 am Hawley

Music videos fill the television screen as **MTV** entertains resting freshmen. Three bodies lay on the couches watching **Arcosmith** perform "Love in an elevator". The song ends and the bodies lie lifeless on the couches.

#### Noon --The Cafeteria

A long line of waiting people by the food bar. The worker at the deli sandwich line is perky as usual. She knows exactly the tastes and preferences of everyone. When she looks at the person, she puts on his plate only the food in his taste. In one corner of the cafeteria, some 17-18 year old boys are tossing food between each other. Some corporate students in suits for the college's management course are watching them from the table nearby. **Svetoslav** is not here again. He sleeps in his room, hiding himself at lunch in order to run away from this boring day... He will hatch from the shell of slumber, not until the evening, when the day's hysteria will be quiet and the movements will be more calm, and the life will seem without edges...

#### Noon-- Copley Hall

**Cedillo** turns the lights off as **Tina Goade** leaves the studio. This changes the atmosphere from the energetic dance music of **Tina Goade**, the the ultra-smooth Jazz and Rhythm and Blues.

**Cedillo's** show, as with all of the disc jockeys at **KGSP**, runs much like **Goade's**. During the songs **Cedillo** is looking for more music to play and running to get the news from the **Associated Press** wire machine.

"Finally, I get to eat lunch" says **Cedillo** as he pulls out a sandwich and a soft drink. Before he is able to finish his lunch, it's time to read the news. **Cedillo** reads the news with a voice that matches the atmosphere of his show. "Cool and mellow is the only way to describe my show" says **Cedillo** with a mouth of **McRib**.

#### Noon -- Financial Aid

At high noon, the office activity has decreased considerably. **Jack** appears around the partition with her purse under her arm. "I've got to hurry," says **Jack**. "We're only allowed to go to the bathroom once a day and if you miss your allotted time...it's too bad." She then leaves with **Deanna Potts**.

The phone takes no lunch today, it chirps continually as **Bev Gauper** winds a student loan application around the paper bail of the typewriter at the receptionist's desk. She polices the desk and phone while her co-workers are at lunch.

**Kathy Thomas**, assistant to the director, returns from lunch and disappears into **Bagley's** office. After a matter of seconds, she reappears. "I've had my five seconds," says **Thomas**. To ease back pain, **Bagley** obtained a specially designed chair. Earlier in the day **Bagley** told everyone when he's gone to go in and try out his new chair. **Thomas** had taken her turn.

At noon, **Belloff** is quietly working at her desk. Soon she gets up and disappears, but the crackling of her sack rattles, as she emerges from the back room with her lunch.

"I'm so aggravated," says **Belloff**. "The records I need to work with are locked in a room at **Wright-Patterson Air Force Base**, so they can't give me the information I need to do my work." She departs for lunch.

#### 12:32 pm Hawley

The English language combined with shades of Mexican echo in the stairway as **Ray Briones** and **Marco Rocha** make their way to the second floor after

## A day in the life...

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lunch at Thompson Commons.

"Hey Sam", says **Briones** as the two meet **Samuel Caldera Jr.** one flight of stairs from the second floor. The rest of the conversation is carried on in Mexican.

The three students, all from El Paso, Texas, didn't collectively plan on coming to Park, but their new found brotherhood is present in all they do.

#### 12:52 p.m. Science Hall

The chemistry lab is **Allen's** home and private world where she bends chemicals to her will. She experiments with different compounds in hopes of a "bang." "What can I do?" she says, mumbling to herself. Her qualitative organic chemistry book flips open, and she peruses several shelves and discovers the needed sulfuric acid. The acid solution drips slowly into the measuring beaker. Her steady hands neither shake or falter for this is **Allen's** major field of study. In the lab, she becomes a great wizard alchemist in green safety goggles. One who really can transform copper or iron into gold. A smaller beaker is brought out and a few eyedroppers full of a benzine compound are squeezed in. Then the nitric acid solution is added. When the compounds mix, a reddish colored gas spills over the top of the tiny beaker. Radiating heat is produced in the beaker from the compounds mixed. The smoke billowing is quite pungent and acrid.

"All smoke has an odor," says **Allen**. This lab exercise done **Allen** wonders, "Now, what kind of trouble can I get myself into?"

About a week ago, **Doc** handed a compound to **Allen** for organic analysis. Her job was to unriddle its components. The compound does not dissolve in water nor does it melt in sodium hydroxide solution. She rummages through the bottles for hydrochloric acid. After measuring a minute portion of the acid, she lightly taps the unknown powder into a vial. "Eureka, it dissolving," says **Allen** with a cackle. After several methodic tests, she prepares a capillary tube to test the melting point.

#### 1:27 p.m. Financial Aid

Hesitant pecks can be heard from the typewriter in the back room as well as the quiet click of terminal keys inputting data. Some workers are not yet back from lunch to bring the noise back up to its previous level.

The decor of the hot, muggy office is one that has seen much mileage. There is little space that isn't taken. Some of the equipment might bring quite a sum at an antique auction. It is easy to discern who is approaching sight unseen as each person's particular gait is magnified by the old floorboards creaking with each step.

**Jack** returns from lunch with a student following close behind. The student watches her hang her coat



on the hook and put her handbag in the drawer. Then she proceeds to answer the student's questions. The student is satisfied and leaves.

**Nancy Brooks** catches the heel of her shoe in one of the ripped areas of the dirty, abused carpet. "That's the third time for me today," says **Brooks**. "Tripping on the carpet is just part of our routine in student financial services."

"Another problem with the carpet is the static electricity," says **Jack**. "There is so much static electricity you can walk across the floor to the file cabinet,



walk back to your desk, and merely touch your keyboard to turn off your computer."

"Good afternoon, student financial services, how may I help you?" says **Deanna Potts**. Green fingers reach for .scrap paper, in anticipation of a phone message.

**Carolyn Ford** appears from the back room. She is ready to leave for the weekend.

"Have you had a good afternoon, **Carolyn**?" asks **Thomas**.

"I always have a good day when I come to work in here," says **Ford**. She exits with a smile.

**Jack** is processing financial aid packages. Today she's packaging students in the portfolio program. "One of the things students can do to help us out is to check the contents of their student mail boxes," says **Jack**. "For example, some students will come in upset because they haven't received their award notification. We will search and search and in many cases the mystery is solved as easily as looking in their mail box."

#### 1:45 p.m. Science Hall

The capillary tube melting point apparatus is a black shoe-box sized device with a thermometer on the front. Several previously tested capillary tubes lay sacrificed on the adjoining table. "I hope the capillary tube end is sealed or my compound will drain out," explains **Allen**. "I've made that mistake too many times."

A magnifying glass hooked to a periscope-like instrument is brought up. With this apparatus she can carefully watch the temperature rise and the compound melt simultaneously. She gives a rushed hello to **Kenny Khoo**, a fellow chemistry worker before the process is repeated.

"Melting points are good tests," she says. "They can limit your compound to three or four possibilities. Boiling points are unpredictable. Atmospheric pressure differences such as those variations between mountain elevations and sea level can change the readings."

#### 2 p.m. Library

**Schultis** is out of the library. The rooms are quiet, almost deserted now. From the ceiling comes the low hum of the air conditioning units. Only one student is at the word processor table. The muffled sound of rock and roll music is audible through the headphones he wears as he works.

#### 2 p.m. Sports Medicine

**Lowe** loads supplies onto Sport Medicine's infamous golf cart, which serves as equipment transporter, make-shift ambulance, and inpromtu viewing stand for sporting events at Park. He emerges from the dark

underground into a bleak overcast day and steers towards the soccer field. Soccer fans, wearing their respective school colors, mark the perimeter of this intercollegiate battle field. The Lady Pirates are warming up on the upper field, waiting for the current match to end.

#### 2:10 p.m. Near Parkville

Up the road from the college at his off campus job, **Shane Whitaker** ends a talk with his boss, **L.C. Ridenhour**, **Whitaker** and **Metz** have both worked at **L.C.'s Hamburger's Etc.** for over two years. They attended the same local high school, and now find themselves attending the same college. Heading down Missouri's Highway 9, **Whitaker** spots a co-worker walking and turns his car around in a Texaco station to give this friend a ride home. Pulling back out on the road with his friend in the car, a yellow blur is seen in his side window. **Whitaker's** vehicle kisses sides with a school-bus. His front bumper is rudely introduced to the student doors of this small Mayflower bus. Coming to a stop **Whitaker** realizes, the situation is not good. There are no students on the bus, a relief for both **Whitaker** and the other driver.

#### 2:15 p.m. Sports Medicine

The training room, occupies a space at the far end of the underground development. It is literally carved out of the limestone foundation of the upper campus. However, the feeling of being underground is lost in the bright lights, white walls, and warm carpeting. Inside the door, many pairs of shoes belonging to visitors are lined up waiting for their owners to return, at the request of **Jackson**. "Otherwise, this place would be covered with dust," she says.

**Jackson** is speaking to **Scott Murray**, a staff reporter for the *Stylus*, about **Pinnacle's** newest acquisition, the Merac system. She tells **Murray** that having the Merac, an expensive, state of the art rehabilitation system, makes the sports clinic virtually complete.

#### 2:20 p.m. Library

There is a conversation among the student assistants at the front desk and laughter from the back of the library, near **Dr. Peterman's** office.

#### 2:24 pm Financial Aid

A train whistle blows as two Pre-pro students en route to **Gauper's** desk step over **Thomas** and **Patrice Pieper**. It has become necessary to move to the floor for ample space to carry out a project. The voices and other characteristic noises are back up to the previous decibel level.



## 2:25 p.m. Library

Schultis returns to the library and is immediately on the phone. She checks through her files as she talks, trying to locate a piece of information and lamenting that her own files are not as organized as library information. She ends her call and begins talking about the background which brought her to Park College.

"When I was growing up in Nebraska, girls had three career options," Schultis says. "They could be a teacher, a nurse, or go to beauty school. I knew I didn't want to take any of those options, and I seriously considered law school."

Instead, Schultis got a degree in history from Cornell College in 1973, and later worked for Catholic Charities. Her library science degree was earned in 1976 from the University of Missouri-Columbia, and 1989 she received a M.A. degree in history from the University of Texas-San Antonio. She then

worked at the University of Texas-El Paso library in a variety of duties, from circulation to reference. With her mother and sister in the Kansas City area, Schultis asked a friend to check possible leads for a job here. The friend discovered an ad for the Park College position Schultis now holds.

"I like the library reference field, because I'm always doing something different," Schultis says, as she still shuffles through papers and files.

## 2:35 p.m. Science Hall

Allen retires from the lab and walks into Doc's office. His new computer has become a favorite toy. "I need to win at this solitaire game just once," says Allen. She lost her first game to the screen image of a deck of cards that has very peculiar computer graphics. A cheating hand has an ace up his

sleeve and it pops out occasionally. Dr. Norm Clampitt stops by and teases her about playing again.

## 2:45 p.m. Sports Medicine

Jackson finishes with her last patient of the afternoon and heads for the soccer field, where the girls match is still being delayed. She walks past rows of antsy fans toward Lowe, who is preparing the supplies at the training bench. The overcast sky has not dampened the spirits of the fans, who are still cheering the players on the field, or clouded the hopes of the Lady Pirates, who continue to warm up on the upper field.

## 2:45 p.m. Library

All continues to be quiet. Schultis explains this is typical of Friday afternoon, especially on the day of a soccer game. One man is reading a newspaper; his only companion is one of the life-sized sculptures found through-out the library. The 24-hour study room is empty as well as the word processing area. One librarian searches through some shelves.

There is a picture by artist Gale Stockwell on the wall between Schultis's office and the front desk. It is a watercolor of a downtown Parkville street in an earlier era. The cars parked on the street look like a 1930s vintage, and there is a large streetlamp in the middle of the intersection. A woman holds a child's hand,

# A day in the life...

## Continued





guiding him along the sidewalk in the direction of the railroad track.

Schultis guides students and faculty alike in a similar fashion through aisle after aisle of library volumes pointing out the right path.

### 3 p.m. Library

Schultis's voice drifts out to the front desk, as she is on the phone handling another problem, guiding another person in the direction of the correct information.

### 3:10 p.m. Chapel

For Allen, it's back to the music department for another part of her work-study. Partially hidden behind the couch, she cautiously counts the rented orchestral music to send back to Kalmus Music. While sorting a piece by Dvorak into separate instrument sections, she listens to the conducting class composed of Jeff Anderson and Dr. Ted Albrecht. The class is quite relaxed for a Friday and Allen even comments about the arrangements of a mass being played in the room.

### 3:15 p.m. Financial Aid

Mayfield turns on the radio. She has completed the Enrollment Data Sheets for Luke Air Force Base. Now she's working on Eaker Air Force Base. "I am responsible for 10 military sites," says Mayfield. "I'm going through these EDS's to make sure all the information is here; if I need more information, I'm letting them know. I'm also releasing loan and Pell Grant checks."

Pieper is sitting on the floor barefooted, Indian style. She is responsible for financial aid packaging in Park's prison program. She claims frustration. "The prison office claims they have sent all their paperwork," says Pieper. "I've already found one hundred of these documents we don't have on the computer. I haven't even started my regular work for today yet because of this."

### 3:25 p.m. Highway 9

Whitaker's '78 tan Chevrolet Malibu Classic, once his grandmothers car, now has a crooked smile. One side of the bumper hangs limply towards the ground. Some windows on the bus door were broken, but no

one was physically hurt. A policeman hands Whitaker a ticket. His head sinks looking at the ground as he gets out of the patrol car. Cars of all shapes and kind have slowed down, to get a better look at what happened. Finally, Whitaker gets back into his car alone, heads north on Highway 9 one block, then makes a V onto Prairie View Road.

# A day in the life...

Continued

### 4:10 p.m. Soccer field

After a delay of over 1 hour, the game is finally ready to begin. Both teams are introduced, accompanied by loud cheers from the crowd. Some fans wonder aloud as they gae westward if the game will be completed before dark because of the late start.

### 4:14 pm Financial Aid

Gauper responds to a phone call from one of her Pre-pro students wanting their complete financial aid status. She places the receiver in the cradle after answering the students questions and prepares to leave for the day. "I'm already fourteen minutes into overtime," says Gauper. "I'll definitely need to work tomorrow." Unfinished work remains on her desk to greet her when she returns to the office on Saturday.

Jones, rolling a pen in the palms of his hands, has his eyes fixed on the screen of his terminal. "The computer is really slow," says Jones. "Someone needs to throw more coal on the burner."

As 4:30 p.m. approaches, students cease to darken the door and a draft of breeze flows through the department. Kathy Thomas sits at her desk for the first time today. "Where do I start?" she says.

### 4:22 p.m. Soccer Field

Heidi Schroeder scores the first goal of the game for Park and breaks into a celebration run, until she is surrounded by hugs from her teammates. The trainers are standing and cheering loudly with encouragement, showing that they too are part of the team. A few of the players run to the bench for water, which Lowe has waiting for them.

### 4:30 p.m. Soccer Field

Laura Davis scores the second Pirate goal of the game, and delights the crowd. Lowe and Jackson remain at their posts, hoping, as always, that they won't be needed to attend to an injured player.



#### 4:32 p.m. Soccer Field

A player from the opposing team falls to the ground. **Lowe** runs onto the field to assist her; but, by the time he reaches her, she is already up. The crowd claps as **Lowe** jogs off the field to cheers of "Go Ray!" from his friends in the stands. **Lowe** shoots a smirk to them and returns to the bench.

#### 4:44 p.m. -- Soccer Field

**Carla Champney** scores the third Pirate goal of the half on an assist from **Debbie Winbinger**. **Champney** dances and jumps around, punching her fist in the air. The opposing team turns and walks back to midfield, ignoring Park fans chanting "Go Home!"

#### 5 p.m. -- Soccer Field

During halftime, the players jog to the bench to receive water from the trainers, who check for players who need to be stretched or taped. The breeze, which was unnoticeable at the beginning of the game, has picked up, bringing a wave of cold air with it, dropping the temperature to 50 degrees. Fans in the stands bundle up, and players on the sideline jump up-and-down to stay warm.

#### 5:29 p.m. -- Soccer Field

**Amy Kurtz**, a Lady Pirate, falls at the near end of the field and grabs her ankle. **Lowe** runs onto the wet field as he unknowingly stomps brown spots of water and mud on his pants. **Jackson** follows close behind. Both trainers help stand **Kurtz** by acting as crutches. They help her off the field with her arms draped around their shoulders.

#### 5:45 p.m. -- Kansas City

A carload heads toward the **Glenwood Theaters** in Overland Park, Kan. Plans for the evening consist of dinner, shopping and the movie "Fantasia." **Anderson**, **Allen** and **Thompson** giggle at the notion of carrying another tray to get supper, but Americanized Mexican food at **Don Chilito's** is worth the line. The hexangular table barely seats the group, which includes **Elaine Schwensen**, **Albrecht's** assistant. Conversations range from daily and weekly stress levels to **Allen's** pet dog.

"What about Thanksgiving?" asks **Allen**.

"You are going with me to my aunt's house in Illinois," says **Anderson**. "It should be a good trip, almost like a mini-vacation. We can visit the St. Louis arch on our way there."

"I guess we should visit before the big earthquake

hits," she says. "It might be the last chance to see the Arch or southern Illinois." Peals of laughter ring out even in the crowded restaurant.

Shopping with **Albrecht** is not the typical mall experience. The first stop is Sound Warehouse and a dash is made for the classical CDs. **Allen** and **Thompson** wind their way to the comedy CDs.

"Oh my word, **Kellie**," **Allen** says. "Here is a P.D.Q. **Bach** that **Jeff** does not own. It's the one with Beethoven's "Fift" narrated like a baseball game. I'll just let him find it on his own." She briefly surveys the Christmas tapes and moves in front of the soundtracks. "I really want to hear all of **Andrew Lloyd Webber's** 'Requiem,'" she says to **Thompson**. "After listening to your versions of 'Pie Jesu' so many times, I want to hear if the rest is any good."

#### 5:45 p.m. -- Soccer Field

As darkness approaches, fans, players and trainers converse about the unfavorable playing conditions. **Lowe** and **Jackson** sit ready, aware that an injury is a good possibility in such conditions.

#### 5:50 p.m. -- Soccer Field

With under five minutes left in the game and Park leading 4-0, fans are on their feet, struggling to keep track of the ball, as the field is now almost completely dark. The only light shines from the campus buildings and the moon. The bright numbers on the scoreboard continue to tick away.

#### 5:54 p.m. -- Soccer Field

The game ends in favor of Park, 4-0. Both teams and coaches exchange handshakes. The trainers begin packing the supplies, as a mixture of players and fans, both happy and sad, mill on the field. The trainers finish loading the golf cart and return to the training room.

#### 6 p.m. -- "Papa Frank's"

On Friday night, life attains taste and color. Sitting upstairs in a Parkville restaurant named Papa Franks, students mingle with townspeople. Two women who look to be over 60, probably attractive in their younger years, move to moody blues on the dance floor. "I didn't make love for three years..." says a woman at a table nearby. "I hate my mother..." answers a frail man's voice in the semi-darkness.





#### 6:36 p.m. -- Hawley Hall

Knuckles meet the hard, white wood door of room 411. "Phone call, Paul," says **Joe 'Bobcat' Smith**. **Paul Brown** sticks his head out of the door.

"Who it?" he asks.

"It's a girl," replies **Smith**. **Brown** quickly darts to the phone and calmly says, "Hello."

**Brown** speaks suavely to his conversation partner as he plans out the night in detail. "No, no, no. You come to my room around nine and then we plan what we gonna do," says **Brown**.

#### 6:56 p.m. -- Hawley Hall

The message board, once blank, is filled with messages to the occupants of the fourth floor. "**Gary** or **Paul**: Some guy from NY needs to talk with you" reads one of the messages. "**Shane** or **Roger** call **Sarah**" is another message left in dusty chalk. Students pass this green chalkboard, always glancing to see if they were contacted by the outside.

#### 7:43 p.m. -- Kansas City

The group arrives at the Glenwood Theaters to purchase tickets for the 9:30 p.m. showing of Walt Disney's "**Fantasia**." The excitement for this show stems from its use of classical music and the fact that **Albrecht** can tell if the pieces are used effectively. **Anderson**, **Allen** and **Thompson** say they enjoy all that **Albrecht** can teach them, even if it is the start of the weekend.

#### 7:50 p.m. -- Kansas City

Next stop, Book Peddler. **Allen** hits the science fiction books, her great literary passion. Immediately, the section dedicated to "**Star Trek**" grabs her attention. She twirls the books over and scans the excerpts and reviews. A hard-back book entitled "The Prime Directive" glimmers in its black dust jacket. "I must have this book," she says with a hint of hopeful anticipation. She then meanders over to **Albrecht** and **Anderson** as they laugh over a sophisticated cartoon book on great moments in architecture.

#### 8:13 pm -- Hawley Hall

Bodies pour into the room of **Neven Valen** and **Shane Whitaker**. Park students and non-Park students enter the smoke-filled room and are greeted by the hosts.

The door is wide open as **Johnny Winston**, assistant resident director of Hawley Hall, sticks his head in the room to survey the gathering. "You still in a bad mood," asks **Kert Gilderspa**. "No, man. I love him, him, her, him and her," **Winston** replies, pointing to nearly everyone in the room. "I love everybody except you, **Kert**." Laughter breaks out in the room and floods into the hallway. **Winston** bear hugs **Gilderspa** before he retires to his room for the night.

#### 8:45 p.m. -- Kansas City

The store next to the bookstore is **Streetside Records**. The classical section is separated from the rest of the store and is constantly piped through. **Allen's** main function is to help **Anderson** search out a CD with **Andre Previn** playing **Gershwin's** "Rhapsody in Blue." They are successful.

#### 9:23 p.m. -- Kansas City

The group arrives at the theater with only minutes to spare. As they pass a second unused concession stand, **Allen** comments, "These theaters are terrific. Great architecture. They were built when movies were big events with intermissions."

#### 9:43 p.m. -- Hawley Hall

Smoke and bodies file out of room 406 as the former occupants leave the room and head down the hall toward the stairs for a night free from homework and school. "So when you guys have to be back?" asks a woman who is walking down the stairs.

"Well, I have a class at nine in the morning on Monday," says **Whitaker**, as laughter bursts into the air above the crowd.



11:45 p.m. -- Kansas City

On the ride back to Park, everyone swells with their chance to tell their favorite parts of the movie "Fantasia."

"I like all of the 'Nutcracker' by Tchaikovsky, especially the little fairies that brought the change of seasons," says Allen, her smile illuminated by the dim lights of passing cars. "The soundtrack character was the funniest. I just adore the description of him -- a shy and retiring fellow. He didn't seem like it when he demonstrated his ability to sound out the violins or a symbol crash."

The giggles in the car fall into rhythm with the engine. The rest of the trip passes in silence with only the quiet bouncing of the car, luring the busy chemist into a peaceful rest against Anderson.

-30-

## The writers:

Shellie "April" Allen

Roger Hughlett

Shane Whitaker

Peter Bakley

Mariana Katzarova

Clide Hill

Kim White

Nancy Brooks

Linda Pearson

Gregg McDonald

Debbie Lale

Scott Murray

Kellie Thompson

Editors include:

Jeff Chaltas

Cecil Sissom

Tim Reddy

# A day in the life...

Continued





# GAME DAY:

## *A day in the life of a soccer scrambler*

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*By Kim White*  
*Staff writer*

---

7 a.m.  
Fourth floor of Herr House-Room 48

**M**atted eyes and tangled hair highlight the figure reaching unsuccessfully for the beeping object. A final stretch of an outreached arm puts silence over the room. The push of a button splashes light over the cold, dark room.

Freshman **Brandi Brobst** rises from her cluttered bed and walks aimlessly to her closet, boards squeaking with each step she takes. Slender fingers reach for the evergreen towel dangling from the shiny, silver towel rack. Shampoo and soap in hand, the figure slips across the hall.

7:15 a.m.  
Fourth floor bathroom

A constant pitter-patter breaks the silence of the bathroom. White walls and rusty pipes highlight the plain, enclosed area. Brobst slides into the close-knit quarters resembling a shower.

Geraldine, the fourth floor R.A., enters the bathroom, toothbrush in hand. With the twist of a knob the water flows from the faucet and plops freely onto the bristles coated with the tartar control substance.

Brobst pops open the shower door, releasing a fresh apple aroma. Wet feet slap against the hard, concrete floor noting the exit of a figure. A fresh, glowing face peaks out around the adjacent door looking refreshed.

7:28 a.m.  
Fourth floor of Herr House-Room 48

Layers of clothing are overlapped to produce the finished product. Blue, pin stripes cover the lower body from waist to knees. A white T-shirt is hidden from sight by a navy blue T-shirt of the same design. White anklets and slip-on shoes adorn the expenditures that pace the earth. A gold necklace and wristwatch are added to accent the outfit.

7:38 a.m.  
Cafeteria

A spunky walk to the source of food, a routine trail for Brobst. A strange tool is accompanying her to breakfast this morning... a pair of scissors. Staggering up the stairs, she approaches the check-in table and picks up a dull, gray tray.

"Forty-nine and feeling fine," Brobst proclaims when the slender woman asks for the number on her meal ticket.

Cloudy, spotted glasses and silver utensils are picked up before reaching the food counter in hopes of saving a few extra minutes. A flaky biscuit smothered in gravy is the choice on this particular morning. A chilled dish of pineapple accompanies the meal.

A variety of vitamins are covered by the liquids that fill the supposedly crystal clear containers. Each of the three tumblers is only half full, one of orange juice, one of apple juice and one of skim milk. Seating accommodations are not hard to come by, less than fifty people linger in the cafeteria at a time when the sun is just beginning to rise. Taking a seat at a table with **Tony Crank, Tony Luyet, Mark Overbey, Mike Otterman, and Kim White**, Brobst proceeds to finish her breakfast in time to make it to work.

8 a.m.  
Accounting office in MacKay

The clicking of keyboards echo throughout the office. Chatter of several conversations are intertwined among one another and vibrate uncontrollably in the background. Telephones ring in an odd pattern, attempting to perform a tune.

Brobst's assignment for the day is similar to those of past experience. Filing deposit tickets and purchase orders brings back memories of grade school when everything had to be alphabetized. For two solid hours Brobst performs this assembly-line task. Pick up one paper, pick up another, stack on top of one another, staple together and file.



10 a.m.  
The hair cut

Financial aid office, look out, here she comes and she's armed with a pair of scissors. Brobst is looking for **Nancy Brooks** to cut her hair. After finding her beautician, the two proceed to the bathroom in the basement of MacKay. Brobst wets down her hair and runs her fingers through it trying to remove the rats.

"Make sure you tell your real beautician the circumstances behind this hair cut," says Brooks as she snips the first lock. Snip, snip, snip, this sound draws the attention of onlookers as they enter the bathroom. One woman enters the bathroom and stops dead in her tracks and her mouth drops wide open. Upon the completion of this task Brobst clears the dead hair from the floor and the "beautician and her guinea pig" go their separate ways.

10:27 a.m.  
Errand for the day

A trip across campus to Chestnut to pick up her beloved boyfriend **Tony Crank** is next on her agenda. Crank's roommate **J.J. Aller** is busy studying for a big test in Human Nutrition when Brobst arrives to escort Crank out for the remainder of the morning.

The two, along with Brobst's best friend, Kim White, trot downstairs to Brobst's vehicle and head for **Super Food Barn** to return *Crimes of the Heart* and *The Serpant and the Rainbow*, the two movies purchased the night before for pleasurable entertainment. A quick exit from the college campus down the winding road toward the desired destination. Cars roar by with stereos blaring various tunes. A cloudy, dreary day hides the sun.

Arriving at the store the couple rushes in to drop off their prior purchase, while White waits in the car. A little toddler screams for his mother as the smell of barbecue fills one corner of the store. Fresh flowers smell of sweet honeysuckle. Retreating to the car the couple prepares for their next item of the day.

"I have a surprise for you," says Brobst, directing her statement toward White.

"What is it?" White asks.

"You'll just have to wait and see," says Brobst.

11 a.m.  
Driving school

The trio dart out of the parking lot and head up

Highway 45. Brobst turns off the highway into the parking lot of **Northwest Bible Church**. She brings the car to a complete stop and puts on the emergency brake before getting out the driver's seat.

"You wanted to learn how to drive a stick, let's do it," says Brobst.

A puzzled look appears across White's face as she proceeds to get out of the car. Placing herself in the driver's seat, White reaches for her seat belt as do the other passengers.

"You have to keep the pressure of the clutch and the gas equal," says Brobst. "The rest is up to you."

White nods as she rolls her eyes and releases the emergency brake. The roaring engine grinds as the clutch is brought out too quickly and the car dies. Restarting the car, White puts it into motion and circles the parking lot, changing gears at the appropriate time. 'Steep hills' cause the car to roll backwards as White attempts to start forward. Repetition continues for thirty minutes. Jerky movements and loud grinding continue, but become less noticeable as improvement occurs.

"Practice makes perfect and you need a little more practice," says Brobst as a smile crosses her face. Brobst jumps back in the

driver's seat and the trio returns to the college in time to catch lunch.

12:10 p.m.  
Cafeteria

A long line awaits the trio when they reach the top of the steps leading into the cafeteria. Conversations of all sorts mingle throughout the line. Results of tests and talk of the big game are on the lips of many.

Brobst chooses lasagna as her entree and has a side order of onion bread to go with it. Fruit juice is chosen to wash it all down. The topic of conversation at the table where Brobst is seated is of the upcoming game against Missouri Valley.

12:47 p.m.  
Pre-game festivities

Brobst, Crank, White and **Debbie Winbinger** all go on their daily mail call. Each anxious to hear from friends back home. The pecking of keys on the computer in the word processing office ricochet off the walls. Commotion in the underground by the bookstore is definite as workmen drill holes in a wall. The clicking of each lock being moved from letter to letter on the mailbox mesh together with the noise of the

# A day in the life...

Continued



area. Brobst did not receive any mail on this particular day. a 4-0 victory.

Thirty minutes until the pre-game chat. Just enough time for Brobst to stroll back to her dorm room, relax, get dressed and type a paper for her Ethics class. **6:15 p.m.**  
**Labor Gymnasium**

**1:15 p.m.**  
**Park Stadium**

Bag in hand, Brobst proceeds to the gym to pick up her uniform. Down to the field the team marches for their upcoming game against Missouri Valley. The army takes a seat on the hill behind the far goal. Talk of strategy and intent flow freely from all.

A cool, brisk breeze travels across the field. The Stars and Stripes whip in the wind as the soccer ball pops from foot to foot on the field. The Junior College Regionals are under way. Cars pass by on the road above the field, horns honking in support of the competitors.

**4:15 p.m.**  
**Game time**

After an hour and fifteen minute delay because the previous game went to a shoot-out, the Park Pirates take to the field against Missouri Valley. It is the opening game of district play for both teams.

The Pirates are fired up and jump on the opposition early. Brobst starts in goal, but sees little action as her teammates control the ball for the majority of the game. Heidi Schroeder begins the scoring for the women, as she follows up a shot by Jenny Moore and put the ball in the back of the net. Laura Davis picks up the second goal when the ball bounces off of Schroeder. Karla Champney put the final tally of the first half in on a pass from Winbinger, giving Park a 3-0 lead at the half. Lisa Gorman is able to score the only goal of the second half on a corner kick triggered by Davis. The goal seals the game for the women and gives them

# A day in the life...

**Finis**

Emotions are high in the gymnasium following the game. "We're going all the way" is the basic message of all. However, some of the players use more "colorful" words in their descriptions of the outcome.

Mud covered and sweat soaked uniforms are turned in to be cleaned for the upcoming battle with Lindenwood. Brobst does not hesitate to turn in her uniform and head for her room to shower.

**6:35 p.m.**  
**Fourth floor bathroom**

Steam flows from the shower as a continuous stream of water trickles from the nozzle. Brobst steps into the shower allowing the water to beat against her skin. As the shower door swings open, Brobst steps out of the shower and goes to the sink. Toothbrush in hand, she spreads the toothpaste on the soft bristles and presses them against her teeth.

**6:58 p.m.**  
**Fourth floor of Herr House-Room 48**

Brobst gets decked out in a pair of faded blue jeans and a sweater of geometric designs. She slips into her penny loafers and waits patiently for her escort to pick her up for their evening festivities. Mellow tunes and peaceful lyrics are released from the stereo. A soft breeze enters the room through an open window, knocking a greeting card from the television.

**7:45 p.m.**  
**Wendys**

A juicy beef patty smothered with mustard and ketchup, along with all the vegetables is first to be unwrapped. French, golden potatoes dipped singly





into the ketchup container add a new and tantalizing taste to each bite. Brobst and Crank have no trouble finishing off the main course. A cool, creamy , chocolate frosty put the finishing touches on the meal. Two spoons and one frosty, of course.

9 p.m.

Dickinson theatres

Lights, camera, action supply the evening's main event as the couple take in a movie. *Quigley Down Under* is the feature film for the evening. Continuous smirks and giggles fill the theater as Tom Selleck portrays an expert marksman in the Outback of Australia.

Brobst and Crank cuddle with one another throughout the movie, never letting the grip of the other's hand loose for even a second. Brobst eyes glisten as Crank whispers something into her ear.

11:30 p.m.

Fourth floor of Herr House-Room 48

Arriving back at the dorm and strolling up eight flights of stairs, the couple reflects on their evening together. Reaching Brobst's room, the final good nights are said and the last kiss sealed as Brobst goes in to retire for the evening.

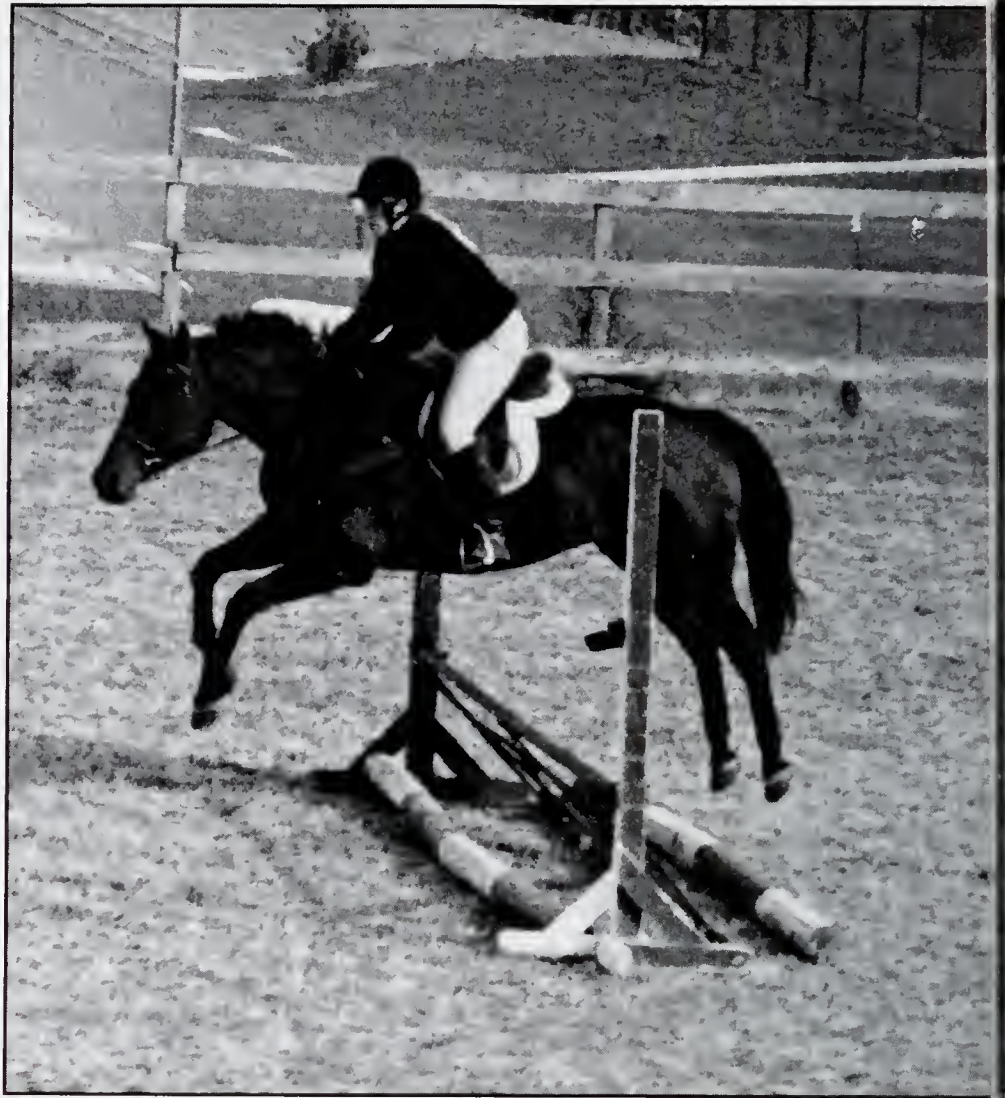
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# A day in the life...

in photographs









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# Best of the 1991 Park College "Journal"

*Selected by Editor Debi Lale*



## THE PARK COLLEGE JOURNAL 1991

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# THE NIGHT HISTORY WALKED MACKAY HALLS

By Lorene Brewer

**P**rofessor Wayne Norvett parked his late model Volvo under one of the rare lights dotting the college's parking area. He had scrimped and saved through years of negligible teacher's salaries to purchase the status symbol and wasn't willing to invite vandalism, even if he doubted a lighted parking spot would really be that much of a deterrent. Pessimism, Norvett had decided, was the distinguishable markings of any instructor not yet seasoned to the tenure stage but still well past the enthused first half decade.

Norvett raked his briefcase and overcoat from the far side of the cramped back seat, cursing as he bumped his head soundly on the door frame.

"I can't believe I'm giving up my evenings and weekends for such an ungrateful hunk of metal," Norvett mumbled.

He shut the door, just short of a slam - maybe it was ungrateful but still the car was the most expensive thing he owned...other than his education, and Norvett wasn't certain if he owned that or it owned him. Seven years past his Masters and he was still paying back student loans.

Norvett was paying in more ways than monthly installments. He was paying by teaching night and day, anything the head office threw at him. Like this new, experimental course to "wake students up to their responsibilities in world relations" appropriately called "Peace Studies" by the enlightened administration. Norvett, the administration, and, in all probability, the students knew that a course with such weighty objectives deserved a political science professor at the helm, not a generic history teacher. But a Poli-Sci prof wasn't available and Norvett was, as always, so...

"Grade book for hire," Norvett chuckled, walking toward Mackay Hall, the campus building that housed the history department. He paused for a minute just at the base of the winding steps leading to Mackay's entrance. No matter how often he came on campus at night, Norvett's gaze was always drawn upward to the magnificent clock tower crowning Mackay Hall. The pre-turn-of-the-century architecture inspired images of gothic castles somehow mixed with venerable, ivy-covered halls of learning. It was an odd mixture. When it was built, Norvett imagined the effect had been prestigious. Now, in this small midwestern town of the nineties, Mackay seemed the ehim of some over-zealous movie producer.

Norvett watched the numerous flood-lights at its

base give Mackay back its dignity, and something more. The transformation of white light and stark shadows put the tired, old building back into the century in which it belonged.

Norvett didn't know much about Mackay's history other than it was built in 1886 by student labor, research he found readily enough by reading the plaque on the building's front. Norvett didn't care to know more. As a historian, he realized that true history - while often interestin - served to make its components all too real. And Norvett decidedly didn't want Mackay dissected into its common parts. Some things, and people, needed to retain their mystique. Norvett felt a strange attraction to Mackay. He feared that if he had been an English or Art professor on campus he would have been driven to constant prose and sketches, attemptin to capture the hall's mystic and allusive quality of timelessness.

Walking Mackay's wide halls and numerous flights of steps, Norvett felt the floor creak of its age beneath his feet. The ceiling so high above that it was lost to his perspective, made Norvett feel small, as if his modern levis and sports jacket had no effect on the vast space of time the building offered. It appeared to be a great place for history classes, yet it mocked the attempt. Mackay was itself the lesson, more of one than Norvett could ever hope to teach even his brightest student.

Norvett opened the door to his third floor classroom. Although he knew it was early and the classroom would be empty, there was still some of the adrenalin pumping, remnants from his early days of teaching. It was one thing to know a bitter taste of pessimism occasionally, but if he ever completely lost that thrill, then Norvett would hang up his grade book for good - tenured or not.

As the door swung open, a swell of cool, fragrant air welcomed Norvett. He walked to the battered desk, sniffing as he went. Someone had been in the room recently. Judging by the scent, it had been a female. Cinnamon and jasmine, almost an oriental scent was very strong near his desk. Norvett put his briefcase and coat on the desk. He peered toward the 6:30, early spring gloom gathered in gauzy pockets around the back seats. In one place, near the ancient radiator the grayness thickened. As Norvett stared, trying to adjust his eyes to the indoor gloom, the thickness seemed to shift. He swallowed hard, the short hairs at the nape of his neck bristling.

Norvett cleared his throat and spoke in his teacher's voice. "So, I see one of my prize students has arrived early?" The March wind against the outside the huge windows tittered huskily at his words. Or was it the wind? Norvett watched the thickness shift once more before he went for the light switch. Tired of the heavy lump his throat and stomach were playing catch with, Norvett flooded the room with the yellow-tinged light of old buildings. The gloom receded, back through the ancient walls from which it came, taking with it the strange thickness.

Surveying the empty classroom, Norvett chuckled.



It was a soft sound and not quite convincing. He walked back to his desk all too conscious of the chill and the unusual fragrance. He found himself hoping his students would start arriving soon.

Ten minutes into class, Norvett had focused his students' attention on the plight of the peace martyr Mohandas Gandhi. It was not a hard task. Norvett had brought clips from the popular movie of the Mahatma's life. Also, almost down to a person, his students knew at least something about the famous man, maybe not as much as they had known about Martin Luther King a lesson earlier, but still something.

"Jeff," Norvett said, purposefully calling on the youngest of his non-traditional lot of students. A young man who had recently served a stint in the army and brought to class some slightly militant views, Jeff was Norvett's disrupter...you always had to have at least one. "What say ye, ole fellow, about Gandhi's motives?"

Jeff grinned at Norvett's lightness and added, equally light. "I suppose the ole chap either didn't have all his marbles, like all those Easterners---"

This met with some angry "Ohhhs and Ahhhs", as Jeff had intended and Norvett had anticipated.

"Or," Jeff continued, "he was just after the attention." Around the uproar of the classroom, Jeff managed to add, "Oh, come on, now what did all that he went through really accomplish? The movie shows him the hero but our text really doesn't state one concrete thing that he accomplished."

"I know little of this Mahatma's deeds while he was on earth, but I'm sure that were to lecture in this classroom tonight, his words would stir and impress each one of you. Although he would speak of a peace you can not understand and therefore could never see the tangible results."

The voice was reed-thin, like the tinkling of bells. The students, as well as Norvett, followed its sound to the doorway. Inside the threshold stood a woman, her thin frame clad in an almost victorian style dark gray dress. The classroom was silent except for a sixty year old female student's gasp.

A full minute of silence passed, before Norvett pulled his slack-jawed appraisal from the woman and remembered the next move was his responsibility.

"Uh...uh, hello...Ms. Welcome to Peace Studies 301. Are you a student or...just passing through?"

She smiled. Her skin looked like porcelain, her hands like delicate bird wings. Norvett was charmed.

"Thank you for that insightful answer to Jeffrey's remark. Our Jeff has a way of cutting through to the bones of a matter." Norvett forced his attention momentarily to Jeff, offering him a quick, indulgent grin. He turned back to the woman as if he feared she would be gone. "Jeffrey always manages to get the old discussion ball rolling. Won't you come in?"

Norvett took a few steps toward her. The strange fragrance of spice and flowers from earlier reached his nostrils. He knew the woman had been in the class-

room before. A look of familiarity passed between the two.

"Would it be too much of an intrusion, Professor Norvett, for me to join your studies so far into the term?"

"This is only our third session. Weekend College runs terms somewhat differently than regular weekday college classes. We have eight weeks, eight Friday night sessions, threes and a half hours per session. You can jump in...I'm sure you can handle the make-up. We've just been doing some reading. See me after class."

"Thank you, Professor Norvett. To which seat will I be assigned?"

"Seat...assigned?" Norvett scratched his head. A couple of snickers rose up from the back of the room. "Well, uh...Ms. uh..."

"Chesnut, professor, Eleanor Chesnut."

"Ms. Chesnut, I really don't assign seats. We are not that formal here." Somehow Norvett felt he owed an explanation for the laxity her cool, pale eyes were accusing him. "For discussion purposes I've found informal seating arrangements to work better. Just find a location you're comfortable with...of course," he offered a rather flat chuckle, "you'll find all the back seats already taken. We obviously have a lot of good Baptist in here."

The students awarded his attempt at humor with a spattering of laughter. Eleanor remained unmoved. She scanned the room with her sharp gaze. Eleanor's small feet, encased in unusual laced boots, moved like efficient disembodied pistons, carrying her to the first seat in the nearest row.

She settled herself in the seat with a rustle of old silk and offered Norvett a serene smile.

Norvett shook his attention loose from the hold of her presence and tried to get the lesson back on track.

"Ms. Chesnut, coming at the right moment, has brought to light an interesting idea. Can it be that the only people who know what peace really is are products of Eastern cultures?"

"If so," challenged the sixty year old student, "what of Pearl Harbor? What of World War II and Japan's brutal hostility? They made the aggressive move."

"Yes, and what of China? It has always been a place of oppression," chimed in another student. "Why, just remember a few months ago how we watched on TV their tanks crush to death their very own people, just because they wanted to be free."

Eleanor turned to look at the speaker. "Unfortunately your television only shows one part of a story. There are many others." She turned back to face Norvett.

"Yes, Ms. Chesnut?" Norvett prompted. "Won't you continue?"

"All I meant, Professor Norvett, is that one should not judge a people's intent from only images offered by a television screen."

"Well, certainly," Norvett answered. "I had hoped, though, that you were offering us some insight into the



Chinese society."

Eleanor smiled. "And how would that insight be possible, Professor Norvett?"

Her words were teasing and Norvett wondered how, indeed, he had thought that would be possible. For some reason, he had felt she had first had knowledge of oriental ways. But Norvett realized he had no grounds for those feelings.

"Well...the way you spoke before...I suppose I assumed you were...were either well versed in Eastern culture or had traveled."

"Forgive me, Professor Norvett." Eleanor seemed to use great effort to keep from smiling. "I have traveled. In fact, I lived in China for a number of years. I mainly stayed in a village called Lien-chou and tried to acquaint the natives there with Christianity...Also I tried to give them medical attention. How can a mother, or father, be concerned with matters of the soul when their child is dying from typhus, gangrene, or even a severe case of influenza?"

Norvett seemed at a loss for words. He was deeply moved by the young woman's sincerity and accomplishments. His grade book paled in comparison.

"How fortunate we are to have you in this class, Ms. Chesnut." He swallowed, adding with a kind of reverence, "Please...can you...won't you tell us what you know of these people's philosophies concerning peace?"

"I'm afraid, Professor Norvett, they would be philosophies not easily understood by Westerners. I failed to understand myself...till afterward... You see, to the Chinese people peace is not always the same as non-violence. Rather, their culture is based on violence, when necessity dictates - as the lion who hunts in the jungle. They kill anyone - even their own - if they feel their society and beliefs are being threatened. When their beliefs are safe then they have peace."

Norvett leaned forward, completely engrossed by her words. How long he had waited for such a student...for such a teacher. Someone who could speak with such wisdom and knowledge. It was as if she was water and he a long-dried sponge.

Eleanor Chesnut, with her bell-chime voice, spoke soft and low. She told the class many things about the Chinese people in her intense and urgent way. Many students could not grasp, a few did, and those walked away from that Friday night session of Peace Studies 301 with a new meaning and understanding for the word "peace". Norvett walked away with much more.

As the last student walked out the door at 10 O'clock, Norvett asked, "ms. Chesnut, could I speak with you for a minute?"

Eleanor smiled. "Of course you will."

Norvett didn't notice the strangeness of her reply until later. He was too busy drinking in with his gaze the whiteness of her neck, the paleness of her eyes, the way her hair would lay soft and thick around her shoulders if it were free from the old fashioned bun.

When Eleanor came to stand before his desk, the fragrance of cinnamon and jasmine was overwhelming.

Norvett felt dizzy.

"Uh...Ms. Chesnut, I need to know if you've registered for this class through admissions. You know...have you gone through all the red tape? Also I need your home phone number...uh, for...uh, in case I ever need to cancel class."

"Professor Norvett, I'm afraid I will not be permitted to visit your class again. But I have enjoyed this evening immensely. All is as I remember...except now the building is old...as I am." For a moment her eyes were unbearably sad. She rested her fingertips lightly on Norvett's cheek. "Keep administering your knowledge, dear professor. You do not realize what good you do. We must always keep administering...from these lofty halls of Mackay...to the world." Then she was gone.

Later, Norvett didn't know if it was seconds or minutes or hours, he raised his head off the desk, where it had fallen after the attack of dizziness. His cheek still burned cold where her fingers had touched him. Norvett touched the spot, capturing her fragrance with his fingertips. He put them to his nostrils and inhaled, loneliness squeezing his heart. He knew he would never see her again.

But he was wrong. Norvett did see Eleanor Chesnut again, at least he saw her picture. Several weeks later, not able to get her off his mind, Norvett played a hunch. He asked the president of the college who the dormitory called Chesnut Hall had been named after. The president handed him a brochure in response. Sitting in a straight backed chair, her hands folded demurely in her lap, Eleanor looked up at him from the grainy photo inside the brochure. The silk dress - the only one she owned, stated the caption - lay in folds at her boot-clad feet. Her familiar sad look pierced his heart.

Eleanor Chesnut, the brochure told Norvett, received a B.A. from the college in 1888, then extensive medical training in Chicago before traveling to China in 1894. In 1905 Eleanor was brutally murdered by a mob of angry and frightened chinese who, Eleanor would have said, were trying to preserve their own kind of peace.

Norvett's heart jumped inside his chest. His mysterious Eleanor was this same alumna heroine. He spent the next weeks researching and devouring all he could learn of Eleanor Chesnut. Each new piece of information made her more of a wonder and Norvett more insatiable to learn.

Norvett's students had easily written Eleanor off as some eccentric traditional student from campus just passing by. And that was fine with him. Norvett wanted to keep Eleanor to himself. She was one component who hadn't been transformed to common place by the revelation of her history. She had given him back his passion for history. And, that night when history walked Mackay halls, Norvett rediscovered the importance of his own mission.

★★★★



# Best of the Park College “Journal”

## THE DARK VAULT

As the vault door closes,  
the darkness surrounds both the  
Body and Mind.  
The air grows stale,  
the world beyond is lost,  
and no voice returns my pleas.  
The calls flow to the wall  
and are spread out into nothingness.  
The echo dies as the last notes  
of an old symphony are lost  
at the crux of an old church.  
Sound rises and decomposes within the barrenness.  
The blackness closes upon  
the Mind,  
and the body collapses into  
its last sleep of pain and longing.

KELLIE THOMPSON

## FUNNYBLOODPLASMA

Flying cross an open sky  
Diving down over ridged mountain tops  
Swooping through the valley  
Sitting under a bridge  
A fair feathered friend  
That's old John-the human bird  
No different from me and you  
Except a little-FunnyBloodPlasma  
Swimming down the royal river  
Fishing for a bad blood cell  
The FunnyBloodPlasma-ruins John's life  
Jumping through the five feet grass  
Tongueing flies with his long blue sword  
Leaping for a lilly pad-crazy John swears  
He's a frog-rushing for a cauliflower patch  
The FunnyBloodPlasma haunts John's brain  
Rain washes his skin clean  
Rockin' roll touches his soul  
Nothin' able to cleanse-the FunnyBloodPlasma  
From his soul-lost forever  
Laughin', young, eternally gone  
"Far-out dude!"  
Mirror images make him Marlon Brando  
Then turn him into "The Leper"  
Feelin' lost and alone, John vs. The World  
FunnyBloodPlasma seizes the life  
Feedin' his four valved organ  
Too damn fast-  
PumpPumpPumpPumpPump!!!POW!?!  
Crashing like a broken dam-Niagra Falls  
Blood dripping down walls-John dead @6 a.m.

SHANE P. WHITAKER



# GRAM

By Debi Lale

**T**wo women approach the only check-out aisle open at Bob's IGA. One woman slowly guides the grocery cart into the narrow space, while the other woman, bent with age, leans heavily on the front of the cart. The first woman, who looks to be in her late twenties or early thirties, flings the groceries from the cart onto the counter, only slowing when the item is heavy or glass. The old woman could be anywhere from 70 to 90 years old. She has watery, blue eyes that peer bright but sad from her wrinkled and age-spotted face. She watches the young woman intently for a minute, then slowly reaches into the front of the cart and hauls out a large glass jar of cranberry juice. She struggles with its weight before she finally dumps it sideways onto the conveyor belt.

The cart is empty now and the check-out girl smiles warmly at the old woman, as she begins flipping the purchases across the scanner.

"This is my grandmother," the young woman says. "She just moved into Wexford Place and she will be shopping here now. Can she get a check-cashing card?"

"No problem," the girl says. "She just needs to show her identification, then she'll be in our computer."

The old woman points a skinny finger at the girl and finally speaks. "Bob doesn't have my bread here and I don't like any other kind," she says.

Her granddaughter turns and softly says, "Gram, it's OK. We'll get you your bread."

The grandmother digs in her large black purse and pulls out her checkbook, as the girl announces the total due.

"That's \$54.64," she says. She hands the old woman a pen.

Now struggling to open the checkbook to the correct place, she asks, "How much?"

"It's \$54.64, Gram," says the granddaughter. "Do you want me to write it for you?"

"You know," her grandmother says, "I lived in my house for 32 years. I don't know why I moved here."

There are now four people behind them in the line. One of them is smiling while the others shift their feet and roll their eyes at one another.

"It's OK, Gram," the young woman says. Her face is flushed and she keeps her eyes downcast. "Here, let me have your checkbook and I'll write the amount in," she says gently.

The old woman gives her the checkbook and says, "Hurry, honey, I need to pee again."

The granddaughter's face blushes even deeper. She finishes writing the check, then hands it to the girl. Their eyes lock for a moment, and there is warmth and

sympathy in the girl's face.

As they leave the check-out aisle, the old woman lays a gnarled hand on her granddaughter's shoulder and says, "Thank you, honey."

"It's OK, Gram," the young woman says softly.

Two months later.....

The elevator door slides open as a tiny bell sounds, signaling it has reached the fourth floor.

A woman steps out, automatically turns to her right, and walks quickly down the tiled hall. She knows the way well. She has been here every day for a week now, and has become accustomed to the antiseptic smell and feel of this hospital.

It is early Sunday morning, quiet, except for her boots tapping a hollow rhythm with each step. She is an intruder in a hushed world where nurses wear soft-soled shoes.

A young nurse glances up from her paperwork at the large circular station, smiles and nods as the woman walks by.

From her grandmother's room, the woman hears soft moaning and she quickens her pace. She walks past the first bed, where an old white-haired woman is sleeping on her side. Her grandmother is in the far bed next to the window that looks out into nothing.

"Good morning, Gram," the woman says.

The old woman looks at her with wild, frightened eyes.

The head of the bed is propped up, forcing her into a sitting position and tilting her awkwardly to one side. The blue hospital gown is too large for her tiny frame, and hangs open, exposing a bony shoulder.

"Thank God you've come, honey," she croaks through dry lips. "Hurry and get me out of here before they come back. They tied me up so I couldn't go."

The granddaughter straightens the gown and pulls the covers up over the old woman's shrunken lap. She then reaches for her grandmother's hand, spotted with age, and bruised purple from the i.v., and speaks to her in the calm, but firm voice she uses with her own young children.

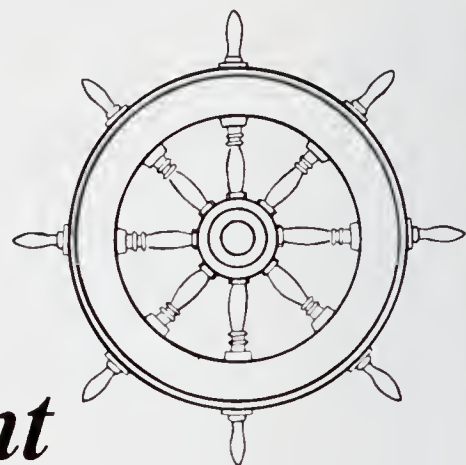
"Gram," she says, "you can't go home yet because you broke your hip, remember? The doctors here are going to help make it well. Everything's going to be alright."

She searches the old woman's eyes for a sign of understanding but sees only panic, anger and fear. Tears begin to well and burn in her own eyes, as she realizes that everything's not alright. She knows the real problem is not her grandmother's hip. It is her mind.

★★★★ THE  
Best of PARK  
COLLEGE  
JOURNAL



# *Harvest Fest ends with cruise on Missouri, music, moonlight*



By Polly Kellogg  
Special to the Narva

At a time when the United States is bordering on war, Park students have found time to celebrate an old and cherished tradition. Harvest Fest.

When Harvest Fest originally began it was a celebration of completion. All the crops had been picked, sown, or threshed and the celebration was started after all the work had been done. Through the years at the finish of harvesting it was time for the people to let their hair down and gorge themselves on delicassies prepared by the women.

Today Harvest Fest is a celebration of the beginning of the school year; a time to become acquainted with all the new students, friendly competition between teams, and an election for a king and queen. Times have changed.

Students jumped into another fall season surrounded by brilliant colors and enjoying numerous events as they kicked off the beginning of a new school year with this year's Harvest Fest week.

Competition started Oct. 8, with the "watermelon pass," the objective being to toss a greased watermelon back and forth between three team members. The team to successfully toss the melon without breaking it won. Beta of Chestnut consisting of **Dawn Marie**, **Jennifer Foster**, and **Marie Geonnie** slid, slimed and slithered their melon to safety taking in a GRAND win.

Later that evening each floor of the residence halls who entered in competition began a complex scavenger hunt throughout Kansas City!

Nominations for King and Queen were held on Monday from 11:30 until 1a.m..

Tuesday was kicked off with a jello-snarfing contest at noon. Teams of two were given 30 seconds to eat 40 squares of jello. The team that finished 40 squares of jello in the least amount of time won. **John Bergeman** and **Elmer Becker** from Gamma floor ate their way to a royal win.

The women's soccer team pulled in a win Tuesday

afternoon and women's volleyball competed against St. Mary's Avila later Tuesday evening.

Wednesday arrived with students dressing up as their favorite faculty members. There were numerous imaginative creations but the two that really caught the judges eyes were **Elmer Becker** dressed to the hilt as a spritzzy **Linda Methner** and **Dennis Hayes** as a snappy **Dean Harry Blanton**. At 12:30 p.m teams of two psyched themselves for the three legged race up Mackay Hill. **Elmer** and **Lennie Becker** of Gamma struggled and tripped their way to victory.

Thursday rolled around with a blood drive in Hawley Lounge. Approximately 58 students participated in this "drive for life."

At noon, the toilet paper races began! Teams of four wrapped toilet paper around themselves and through their legs with out tearing the toilet paper. Considering the ingredients and strength of the average toilet paper let us think about just how difficult this task would be with the thin but effective PARK COLLEGE TOILET PAPER. Even against these odds the **Becker** brothers, **Hayes**, and **Bergeman** displayed their skill and unlimited talent to grab yet another victory for Gamma.

All Scavenger Hunt finds had to be turned in by 6 pm.

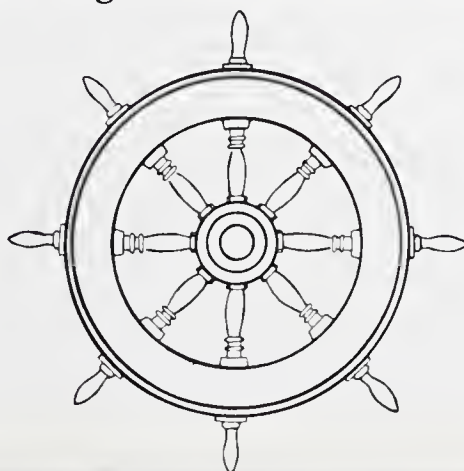
Friday wrapped up the week with an apple-bob in oatmeal. The idea of oatmeal up one's nose is less than appealing but far be it for one of our brave students let fear stand in the way. **Becker** and **Bergeman** dove their way to a less than glamorous win.

Friday evening sped by while the students brought their week to an end aboard the **River Queen** for a midnight cruise and dance. Tickets were sold for \$8 each or two for \$13. Students danced and frolicked as they drifted down the muddy Missouri River laughing and romanticizing under the stars. To cap the night, graduating seniors **Mike Zuber** and **Jennifer Adriano** were crowed King and Queen.





Ligia Bramlett and Greg McDonald under the riverboat stars.





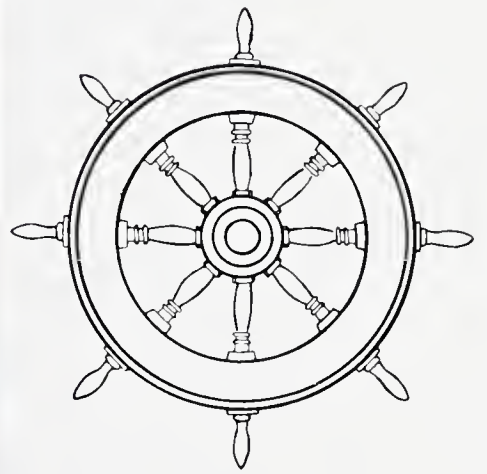


Micahel Spino and Jami Olsen.

Dancers on







the middle deck.

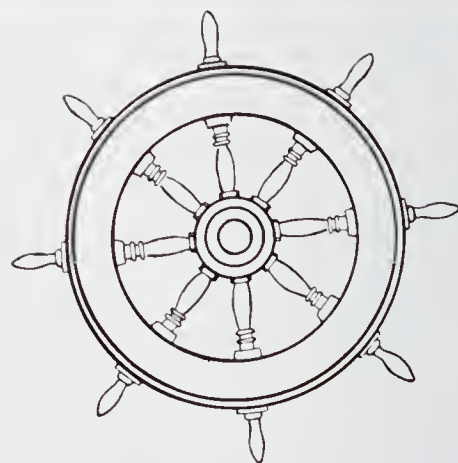
Greg McDonald with a request.







Beth Benson and Gary Spencer.





Tim Driskell and dance partner.



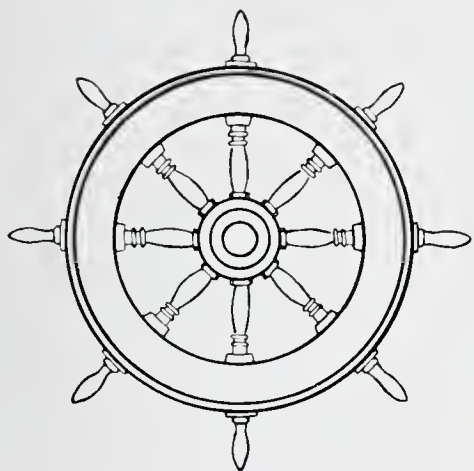




Dirk Lawson and Debbie Winnbinger.

*Photographs/Jeff Hall*



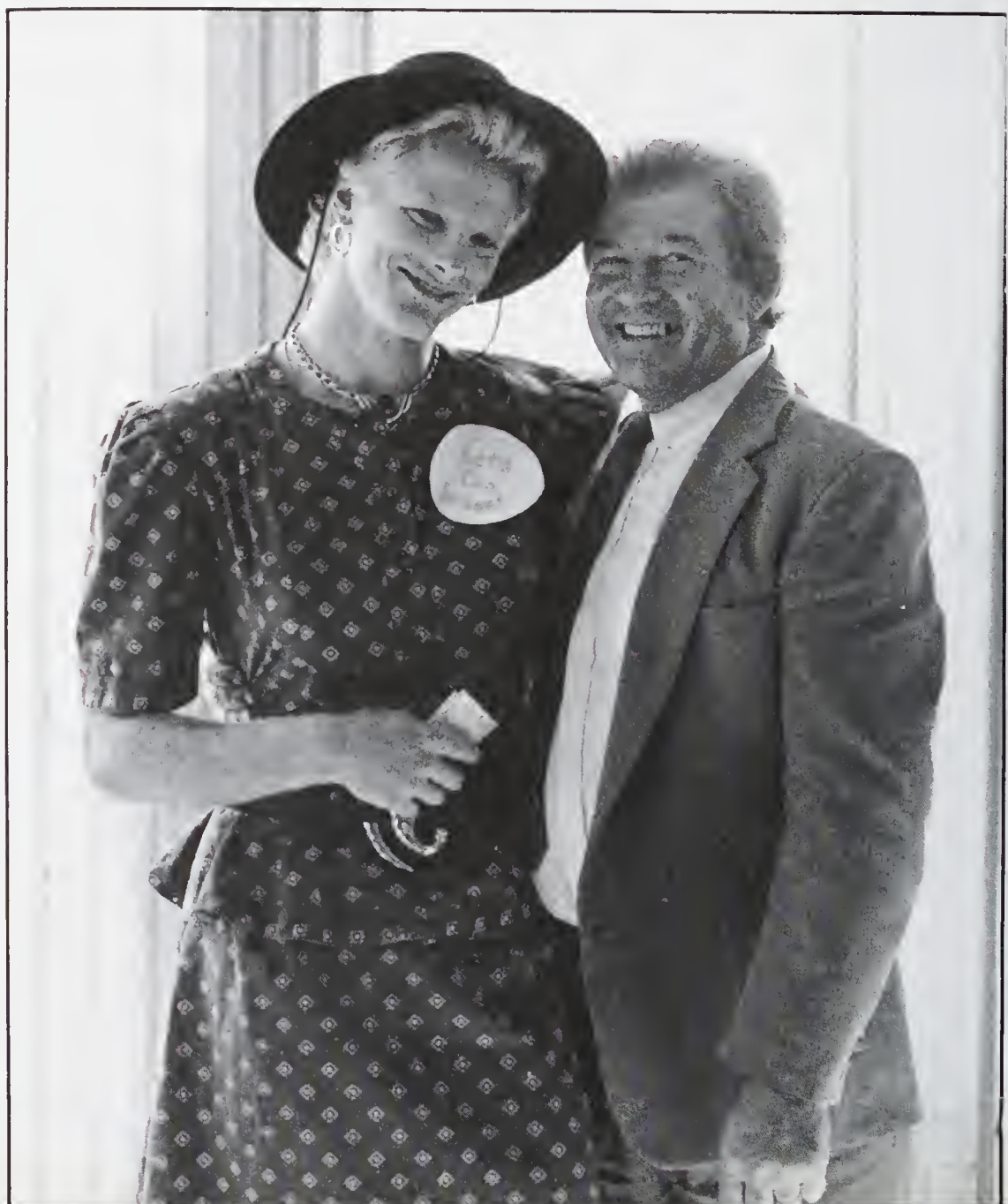


Jason Benson and dance partner.

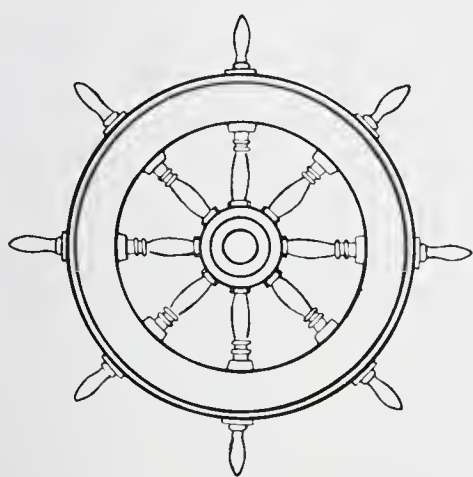


Paul Brown and dance partner.











# *'I want to grow and learn' vows student who found sorting out words and letters a learning chore*

By Roger W. Hughlett  
Narva Writer

Blue construction paper covered with cotton ball clouds decorated one wall of the classroom. Crayons were tucked away in the cardboard supply boxes along with safety scissors and Elmer's glue. The chalky smell of the classroom and the waxy odor of the crayons mixed together in an educational ease. Tiny hands held giant fat pencils with surgeon-like concentration.

The small restless children in a kindergarten classroom want to learn. They want to learn everything from rocket science to botany. They must first learn how to read and write. They must be able to communicate with others through the written word.

For most, learning to read and write is simply a door passed through early in life. Some children don't pass through the door as easily as others. Some children suffer from learning disorders; one such disorder is dyslexia.

Medical textbooks explain dyslexia as a complex disorder, affecting people in different ways. Some see words backward on paper, others watch the letters crowd together and have no idea where one word ends and the next begins. Dyslexics simply have problems interpreting the representational system. Math causes problems for dyslexics, as well as reading.

The road from kindergarten to college hasn't been well-marked for Matthew W. Lewis, a freshman at Park College and a dyslexic. He says it was a struggle to prove himself to his teachers and peers.

"In kindergarten my teacher called me a retard," says Lewis. "I had no idea what a retard was, so I went home and asked my dad what it was. After he told me, I cried for a long time."

The incident sparked his parents to take him to a

psychiatrist. They wanted to know if he had a mental handicap. When the family found out he had dyslexia, they didn't understand what it was or how to deal with it, he says.

"My family thought, since the doctor called dyslexia a handicap, it was really a serious problem," says Lewis. "They treated me as if I were sick. I really didn't know what was wrong with me. I just thought I was stupid. My dad told me the doctor said most dyslexics were smarter than other kids."

Lewis accepted his fate and struggled to continue learning in a normal classroom. His problems in the classroom carried into his home and family. The trips to hospitals, clinics, and doctor after doctor brought piles of bills to his parents.

Social problems also piled up in elementary school. He was in the first grade and his sister, Michelle, was in the sixth grade. They both went to the same school. He says he owes a lot to his sister.

"My sister and I would walk to school together," says Lewis. "The kids would call me names, like dummy and retard. My sister was like a body guard for me. One time the kids decided names were not enough for me, so they started throwing rocks and mud balls at me and my sister. There was probably five or six of those kids throwing stuff at me, so we ran home pretty fast. Stuff like that made me mad and scared of the kids at school."

Lewis grew tall the next summer so his second and third grade year were not as bad. But, by fourth grade, the kids had all grown too or just didn't care how big or how tall he was. He doesn't remember which.

"Local Dummy," says Lewis. "They put me in a classroom with the letters L.D. in the glass window. The class was filled with both, physically and mentally handicapped students. The 'Learning Disability' class was a room full of feelingless clowns for the school to laugh at. When the whole school laughs at you, you don't even feel like fighting back."

"At lunch I sat with the handicapped kids for two reasons, really. One was; most of the school didn't care about the handicapped kids or me. The other reason was not mine. Kids thought, since I had dyslexia, if they sat by me they might get it too."

Lewis was different from the rest of the children because they made him different. The problems he ran into at school led him to spend time with adults more than children. The favorite adult of his childhood was his Grandma Lewis.

"My grandma was the most wonderful person in the world," says Lewis. "She owned a little workshop that made duck calls and 'coon calls. She

**Matt Lewis, second from left, with the cast of Story-book.**



would always let me try to make them like she did. If I didn't make it just right, she never yelled at me. She was sweet and quiet and had a constant smile. When I made a mistake she would stop what she was doing and show me what I did wrong."

He used to work in his grandma's garden in the spring. He remembers her red and white striped shirt and how it would scratch his arms when she showed him how to dig a hole. He always wanted to play in the dirt and she always wanted to dig in it. Together they planted soft red tulips up the side of her house every summer.

"When we were outside in the garden we would talk about everything," says Lewis. "She would tell me about life in the 1920s and how she met my grandfather, who I had never met. I could listen to her stories for days and days. And she could tell me new stories, one after another, probably for as long as I could listen."

"She would treat me to a movie every Saturday afternoon. That really made me feel important and it helped me forget all about my school. Watching movies would let me drift away into another world. For two hours I had no problems whatsoever."

"The words seem to be being pushed by someone from the sides. A line of a page is all crunched together and spaces are eliminated. Words lock up and won't separate for me. Everything moves together and I just can't read it. It takes me three times as long as the average student to read a simple page of a text book," says Lewis, trying to explain what he told his middle

**The 'Learning Disability' class was a room full of feelingless clowns for the school to laugh at. When the whole school laughs at you, you don't even feel like fighting back.**

school teachers.

He says when it was time for him to go to middle school he thought, as most kids thought, it would be different. He figured he would find some good friends and wouldn't be forced to tell anyone about his dyslexia. The bigger school excited him as well. But the first day was no change from what he had already known of schools.

"I got into a fight on the first day of school," says Lewis. "I don't know why. Probably for some ridiculous reason. My new dreams were crushed. I crawled right back into my shell and hid from kids my own age again. I played the cello in the orchestra, but in middle school, only geeks play in the orchestra."

Before he enrolled in junior high his parents were told the school had a special program for dyslexics. The class was special all right. He was placed in the 'Behavior Disorder' class. He was a very quiet eighth grader and he was out of place in a classroom full of trouble-makers.

"Teachers were very apathetic towards the classroom full of trouble-makers and clowns," says Lewis. "I wasn't into making trouble, so I just sat in the back of the room and kept to myself. I also kept to myself at home."

"My parents were not together so they had a hard time trying to find the time to help me with my problems. They tried to be as positive as they could. I don't know how many times I heard the list of famous people with dyslexia; 'Bruce Jenner had it son. You know Thomas Edison had dyslexia just like you.'

"These stories were hard for me to believe at the time. I used to think, 'right, there is no way people treated Thomas Edison and other famous people this way.' I just couldn't imagine some little kid calling Thomas





# 'I want to grow and learn...'

Edison 'a dummy,' " says Lewis.

Junior high went by and his mom and step-dad moved to a small farming community. The local high school was smaller than his middle school. Once again he had high hopes of a regular life with good friends and good times.

"I tried everything I could to be one of the crowd at school," says Lewis. "I even tried to play football my freshmen year. But, learning the plays was tough. The coach just handed me this mammoth book and told me to memorize it. It was impossible for me, the x's and o's danced around on the pages like a football ballet. And what I could read and remember I couldn't do on the field.

"I was always forgetting the plays, forgetting what the count was, and I just couldn't keep up with the rest of the team. I quit football after the first game. I t wasn't for me. And in a small rural high school, a kid who quits the football team is more or less the biggest freak in the world."

He quit the football team, but he still found a way to participate. He found happiness in the theatre. In the spring of his freshman year, he acted in the school's production of Woody Allen's "Don't Drink the Water." It was his first part in a play.

"I had always liked to think of being an actor," says Lewis. "Then when I finally got the nerve to actually act in a plat it turned out I had some talent in acting.

"My big thrill came when I was playing the role of Mr. Witherspoon in 'Arsenic and Old Lace.' I was a sophomore and at curtain call I received a standing ovation. That was really intense.

"Kids in the hall would stop and say I was a good actor. For my peers to compliment me on my acting, man that was really cool. And as far as the girls went....well.... I enjoyed everything about acting in high school."

Acting, not only helped him though high school, it also brought him to Park College. "Acting is like my calling in life," says Lewis. "And it is very hard to get recognition as an actor if you don't have a degree. The understanding of the history and the theory are needed to succeed in today's theatre.

"College is a great place. The friends I have met at college are the best friends I have ever had. And here

people don't see me as the kid with a learning disorder, they see me as Matt. I like that. Around my friends I can be myself. When I am around my friends I am truly happy."

He says he also enjoys learning and growing as a person. He as theatre major and he is also taking art classes. His dyslexia does, however, make him intimidated by the courses involving a lot of reading or writing. English and math are the two big problem classes.

He sits at his desk in his dorm room and tries to concentrate on his studies for hours. His eyes move from the walls to the window several times a minute. "Anything distracts me from my work. Sometimes the library gets too loud for me," he says.

He says he knows he doesn't study as well as he should, but it is hard for a student living in a freshmen dorm to find very much silence. "That is my only problem with college," says Lewis. "I want to do stuff with my friends all the time. Between a game of chess and a math assignment, hey I like chess.

"My professors try to give me as much lee-way as they can. Some of them just don't understand dyslexia or how to teach a dyslexic. Sometimes when I get stressed out about one of ny classes, I think about my kindergarten teacher. I almost believe her sometimes. Then I realize I am at college and I want to grow and learn."

**...Learning the plays was tough. The coach just handed me this mammoth book and told me to memorize it. It was impossible for me, the x's and o's danced around on the pages like a football ballet.**





By Shelli Allen

*Beth Benson takes  
job of wrangling  
freshmen dorm  
into productive  
community...hard  
to believe, but  
that's the story  
she tells*

**Y**ou smell the aromas of Ramen noodles, Campbell's soup, or microwave popcorn. Cigarette smoke rolls out of some of the open doors, tumbling into the hall to mix with the already present fragrances.

The carpet rolls in the places where the laying of each piece ended. The paint, which is only two years old, peels from the walls. A sentence which sounds a lot like "Don't just stand there bust a move, operator, help me place this call, Janie's got a gun," fills your ears. Rap, folk music, and heavy metal lyrics blend and reverberate, bouncing into your eardrums. After leaving the hall you speak to others, but you hear no response, you only see the motion of their lips.

You turn to exit, knowing for certain that there is no way any man could live here. In reality, 56 do.

Men, roughly between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two, call this building "home." This is where they call security simply so water can be thrown from the window onto the head of the security officer.

This is Hawley Hall. In the 1989 - 1990 school year, there were very few good things to be said about Hawley Hall. Letters were repeatedly written to the editor of the Park Stylus complaining about the behavior of the "men." Park College was determined to have a better year in 1990 - 1991 and hired the staff thought necessary to straighten things out. The job went to elizaBeth Benson.

**B**enson, the resident director of Hawley Hall, is a 24 year old woman. She stands at about 5- feet - 9 inches. She has long blonde hair, large eyes, and a bright smile. She is heavy enough not to be considered frail, but small enough not to be considered fat.



# Benson wrangles freshmen...

She is an artist and a poet, and she has tried to spread her artistic values to the men who reside in Hawley. She has made signs in many different colors which hang in the Hawley Lounge displaying encouraging and educational quotes such as, "You can tell the IDEALS of a nation by its advertisements." There is a sign above Benson's desk in the Student Services office which she has made for herself. It reads, "This is the time. You are the way. The only one in control of your life. It's all up to you. Now, Do It!"

How did a 24-year-old woman qualify for such a position? Although this is Benson's first job as a resident director, this is not her first experience with resident life.

She refers to her first resident life experience as a "real world experience." Benson worked at Woman House. In this experiment, five artists and activists under the age of 30, moved into a house together in search of a feminist experience. The Woman House that Benson lived in was a living experiment developed from the history of a Woman House that existed in the early seventies. The Woman House of the seventies was started by a woman named Judy Chicago. Chicago found a house that was scheduled for demolition, and asked if that house could be used for art. The art in the house celebrated specific kinds of "woman-ness."

"In our Woman House, we came to live together,

learned to grow up, fund raised, organized the neighborhood, and threw parties," Benson says. "The Woman House experience helped me. Living in any communal situation is where I get the idea that a situation could be communal and not institutional. I learned that there was a need for, and a place for, certain types of living guidelines. Not everyone needs the same things, but it is good to be able to compromise yourself for the good of the whole. When this is transferred to an institution there are mature people who could live another way, but they become examples for other students, and bring them to a higher place. What is interesting is the very different levels of maturity and life experience."

Benson involved herself

with Woman House because of its feminist influences. Because Benson considers herself a feminist, she says she has a hard time seeing herself as a traditional dorm mother. She, instead, sees herself as a woman with the position, and she uses her experience to guide the "men."

"I don't see myself as a traditional dorm mother," Benson says. "In fact, I don't see myself as a traditional anything, and in no way do I want to be seen as their mother, either. I'm not their mother, girlfriend, sister, and I'm not their friend either, which makes it difficult for me."

**"I** think we learn from each other. I happen to be a woman who is a little bit older than they are, who has had certain experiences, and I am willing to share those experiences with them. This means that in a disciplinary aspect, they will not get their hand slapped, but will receive consequences very much like those in the real world."

Being a woman in this job, Benson has handled a lot of things differently than others, and the changes are evident.

"I think a man would do my job differently than I do based on rumors and a lot of circumstantial situations





that I'm not faced with, the man who had my job did a lot of things differently, and got different results," says Benson. "I'm not that much older than them, but I'm old enough that I'm not their girlfriend. There's a rapport there, and I think they are different than they would be if anyone else had the position."

Benson says that the major difference between a male resident director and herself is that there are things that the guys do that they are embarrassed to have her know about, as a female.

"Some of them really don't like to be embarrassed," says Benson. "For example, one night there was some trouble in the halls, so I called a meeting from 1 a.m. until 3 a.m. Some of them were embarrassed because I called them 'my boys,' and they didn't want to be seen as children, so they changed. It remained them about their behavior."

One of the Hawley men's more embarrassing characteristics used to be their vandalistic personalities. It did not seem to be anything that really bothered the men, but the reputation was embarrassing for other students. The vandalism has ceased to exist, and Benson says she believes the people who live there make the difference.

"We have small kinds of vandalism," Benson says. "Guys are different when they are drunk or upset or just feeling a little strange. Girls cry; guys beat walls, windows, and fire alarms. As far as major vandalism around the hall, we haven't had it, or if we've had things that could lead to it we just call a 'li'l meetin'."

Benson's "li'l meetin's" may have had some affect on the men, because there have been some changes in the dorm. In addition to these meetings when there are

problems, Benson has also had some get-acquainted activities.

"There have been positive changes, not just in terms of my being different, but the guys are different," Benson says. "I don't know if it helps or not, but my door is open a lot, and the guys can come and go, or sit and talk. I invented them to fill out questionnaires, and we talked for a little bit. We introduced ourselves to each other. I think that might have helped us in

getting to know each other."

Benson says she believes time spent getting acquainted helped the men become more appeased. She says it is important to her the men have no problem feeling comfortable in the place they live nine months of year.

"It means so much to me that they know each other as brothers," Benson says. "I still foster this familial idea. I try to make this home, but it's not mine, and it's not their's either. You feel different when you take care of someone else's thing, borrow someone else's property, when you're visiting someone else's house."

Benson says she wants her influence on the men at Hawley Hall to go beyond their lives at Park College. Benson says she tries to give the guys something to savor, something to live with.

"As we learn about living together, it is very empowering to find something broken, and fix it," says Benson. "I want them to have an opportunity for self determination. Over time in this world, it seems impossible to be able to do something for yourself without first asking someone else. I see the world as being a compartmentalized place where people are powerless because they don't know how to do for themselves. I want to give them the opportunity to be the best people they can be in a living situation. Now, when they are disciplined, they get hours of hall service. They are responsible for finding something to beautify in the hall, so that they will learn to care for the space allotted to us.

"For brief moments, it's worked. One student asked others to take out their trash (instead of leaving it in the hall). Another student tried to develop a weekend brigade to clean restrooms (Physical Plant shuns that duty on weekends). The Hall President wants to plant shrubs around the building, and build picnic tables. Slowly things are occurring to them."

But has she really suckered these 18-year-old boys into respecting her?

"Yes and no," Benson says, smiling with a raise of the eyebrow, and eyes wandering northward. "I think we have, I don't know if I'm right or not, but I think we have some sort of understanding.

"I don't think they like to be caught, and I do think that most of them, when they are doing something wrong, don't put it in my face, and that is respect. I don't feel disrespected.

"So, that must mean that I at least sense respect from them. I have a great resident assistant staff (Craig Booker and Joseph P. Smith) and assistant resident director (Johnie Winston). I would be very, very foolish to think that didn't have something to do with the success of this year. We back each other up for the most part, and that's good."





## *1990-91 awards and honors to Park students and faculty*

### **SPECIAL SENATE AWARDS**

#### **Park Family Award**

*presented by Joe Kieyah*  
**Greg Prymak and Dorothy May**

#### **Rookie of the Year**

*presented by Jean Gorton*  
**Greg Prymak**

#### **Outstanding Class Members**

##### **Freshman**

*presented by Jean Gorton*  
**Kim White and Dirk Lawson**

##### **Sophomore**

*presented by Joe Kieyah*  
**Kim Faler and Mike Dugas**

##### **Junior**

*presented by Jean Gorton*  
**Kellie Thompson and Shawn Smith**

##### **Non-graduating Seniors**

*presented by S. L. Sartain*  
**Jean Gorton and Joe Kieyah**



**Angela Houston**

### **1990-91 Selection of Outstanding Students**

Representatives of Park College selected for publication in  
*Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges*

**Jeff Anderson**  
**Vicque Copeland**  
**Bobbi Diem**  
**Christopher Farmer**  
**Jean Gorton**  
**Marcia Horn**  
**Sue M. Hum**

**Shannon Kellogg**  
**Kenneth Khoo**  
**Joseph Kieyah**  
**Myles Perry**  
**Christine Schaschl**  
**Charles Sullivan**  
**Paul Williams**



*Sears-Roebuck Foundation*  
*Teaching Excellence and Campus Leadership Award*  
C. Merrill Proudfoot

*Special Award to a Faculty Member*  
Presented by Student Senate President, Joe Kieyah  
Ray Cummiskey

*The Outstanding Parkite Award*  
Presented by Park College President, Dr. Donald J. Breckon.  
Angela Houston and Myles Perry

## DEPARTMENTAL HONORS

*COMMUNICATION ARTS* — Marcia Horn (Senior)

*ENGLISH* — Vicque Copeland (Junior), Tim Reddy (Senior)

*HISTORY* — Amy Crippen (Senior), Troy Snelling (Senior)

*LIBERAL STUDIES* — Reed Oltvedt (Senior)

*MUSIC* — Jeffrey Anderson (Senior)

*ACCOUNTING* — Eva Holmes (Senior)

*BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION* — Jennifer Louth (Junior), Brian Martin (Senior)

*CRIMINAL JUSTICE* — Joyce Tyler (Senior)

*EDUCATION* — Brenda Jones (Senior)

*HUMAN SERVICES* — Jenny Lowe (Junior), Lisa Protsman (Senior)

*POLITICAL SCIENCE* — Paul Williams (Junior), Shirlee Kleeman (Senior)

*PSYCHOLOGY* — Christine Lucero (Senior)

*SOCIOLOGY* — Lisa Protsman (Senior)

*BIOLOGY* — Kenneth Khoo (Senior)

*CHEMISTRY* — Vonceil Allen (Senior), Kenneth Khoo (Senior)

*COMPUTER SCIENCE* — Sue M. Hum (Senior)

*EQUINE* — Tammy Scott (Junior), Kathileen Troch (Senior)

*MATHEMATICS* — Susan Stevens (Junior), Sue M. Hum (Senior), Van Jones (Senior), Loretta Stevens









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# *Cinema 1990-91: The mob, the west returns; films breathe new life into tired stories*

By Chris Calvert  
Stylus Reviewer

Many of you may be familiar with the questions, "Does art imitate life?" or "Does life imitate art?" Looking back over the academic year just passed, 1990-91, and the movies it spawned, the answer to both questions appears to be a resounding, 'yes.'

In retrospect, certain truths surface. The "mob film" and our fascination with it are still alive and well ("GoodFellas", "The Godfather, Part III"). Could it be that after a decade under a devoutly pro-big business presidential administrations of Ronald Reagan and George Bush, many who feel the emotional detachment of life in the "dog eat dog" corporate world and the quest for the "almighty dollar," find justification for those feelings in the realization that at least the mob doesn't crack jokes when burying their enemies or attempt to buy off the Pope.

The previous school year presented us with semi-realistic accounts of actual events we all know from the ever present mass media: the trial of Claus von Bulow in "Reversal of Fortune" and the horrifically unprecedented increase of serial killings portrayed in such films as "Silence of the Lambs" and "Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer."

A deceased dime novelist named Jim Thompson underwent a Hollywood resurrection and subsequent exaltation, his incredibly prolific work seen in a new light and paid homage to in two marvelous films, "The Grifters" and "After Dark, My Sweet."

Despite their shortcomings, a few ambitious undertakings in recent years attempting to revive the once revered "western" have been for the most part, unsuccessful. But in 1990, it came roaring back with both six-guns blazing in the form of the most daring endeavor to date. This epic masterwork firmly established its star and first-time director, Kevin Costner, as a force of immense proportions and talents to be reckoned with for years to come.

Lest we forget, we Americans are not the only ones on the planet who make movies. Japanese cinema impresario Akira Kurosawa made a triumphant and

long anticipated return to movie making with his "...Dreams." There were wonderful little slices-of-life films from "the continent" such as "Monsieur Hire" and "Cinema Paradiso." Canada gave us an off-beat look at the "second coming" with "Jesus of Montreal." Spanish rebel Almodovar shocked us with his "love story," "Tie me Up! Tie me Down!" And conceivably the world's biggest movie star, France's Gerard Depardieu, turned in a brilliant performance in the timeless classic, "Cyrano de Bergerac", then crossed the Atlantic and delighted American audiences in "Green Card."

For reasons I'll leave for those in a sociology discussion to ponder, the once remote threat of AIDS, which has now rapidly moved just down the street, or maybe next door, or maybe even into your own home, was hardly addressed this year in film, with one noteworthy exception. "Longtime Companion" poignantly showed us a group of friends grappling to come to terms with the epidemic's merciless stealing of human life while simultaneously affirming the belief that life while we hold it is worth living. On a local note, a minor phenomena is taking place as Kansas City is slowly becoming a sort of mini-hotbed for a number of expatriate filmmakers. They come here to avoid the constraints of studio executives and producers, the invasive hoopla that always accompanies the making of motion pictures, and the numerous other distractions that are commonplace in New York and L.A.. All this filmic fervor is due in no small part to the making of "Mr. and Mrs. Bridge", shot primarily "right here in River City."

There were disasters. Far and away leading the pack was the film version of Thomas Wolfe's novel, the searing indictment of contemporary American society,





**"Bonfire of the Vanities."** This film was quite possibly the most misguided and thoroughly botched exercise in movie megalomania since **"Heaven's Gate"** and **"One from the Heart."**

As often less than shining examples of our times there were, of course, the super-hyped blockbusters and inevitable sequels. Most notably, **"Dick Tracy"** and **"Die Hard II."** Oddly enough, both were fine films judged solely on the merits of their creator's intentions.

But three films in the past year carried with them more impact than all the others combined. That's if you're looking strictly at box-office receipts. **"Home Alone"** will eventually go on to become one of the highest grossing films of all time and undeniably proves John Hughes' genius at taking the pulse of a moviegoing nation when it seemed everyone's EKG

readings were **"Flatliners."** **"Ghost"** showed us that pure romance is still yearned for and if you pull the right heart strings (and this sometimes overwrought melodrama played Cupid's harp perfectly for two non-stop hours) people will listen. **"Pretty Woman"** gave us feasibly the biggest female star in many years in the beautiful and talented Julia Roberts, despite its tired retelling of the hooker with the heart of gold theme.

So in hindsight, this passing academic year gave us much through the venue of film. The movie industry is bigger than ever and bound to keep growing. But like looking back at any year, all we can hope for is to see films in the future as good as the best ones we experienced this year and that the folks that make the movies we all go to see learn from their mistakes, retain some dignity in upcoming projects, and continue striving to do just a little better.



Above, Julia Roberts and Gerard Depardieu in **"Green Card,"** a quirky hit for the French star who also brought **Cyrano** to life in 1990-91. Below, Kansas City's Robert Altman in the field for **"Vincent and Theo."**





*Cinema 1990-91:*



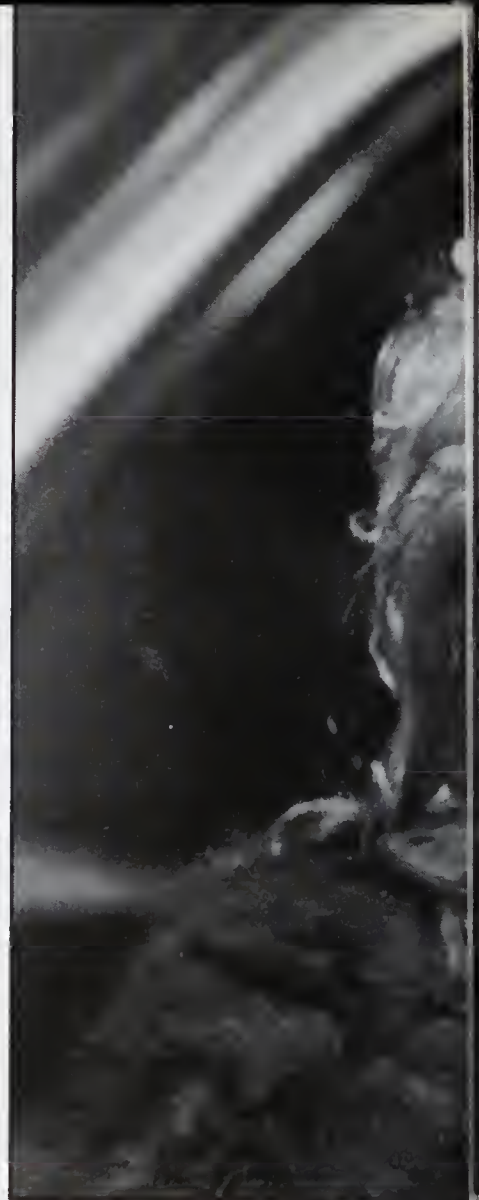




The mob returned this year, and with a vengeance. Far left, Steven Seagal, as a Brooklyn cop in *"Out For Justice,"* above, good guys from May release *"New Jack City"* starring Russell Wong, Mario Van Peebles, Judd Nelson and Ice-T. Left, Angelica Houston from *"The Grifters."* *Photos courtesy of Warner Brothers.*



*Cinema 1990-91:*







**Strange relations:** The worst casting of the season had Tom Hanks and Melanie Griffith together in Tom Wolfe's *"Bonfires,"* above. Far left, a real switch had Jimmy Smits opposite Ellen Barkin, who played a womanizer reincarnated as a woman in *"Switch."* And Cher played opposite Bob Hoskins in *"Mermaids,"* above. *Photos courtesy Warner Brothers, and Cinema Plus.*

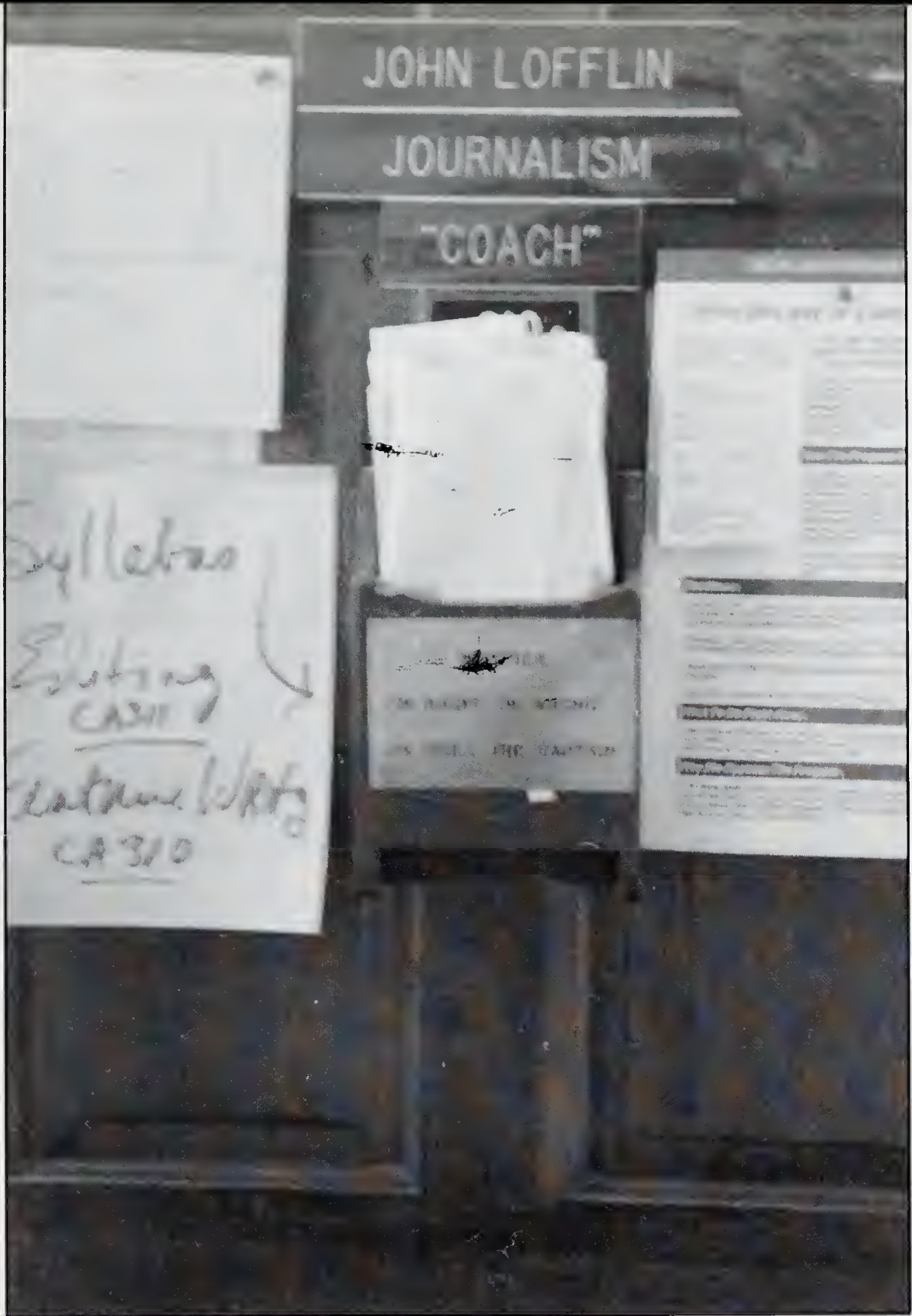


# Park College: Up close and very personal

*Photographs by Cecil Sisson*











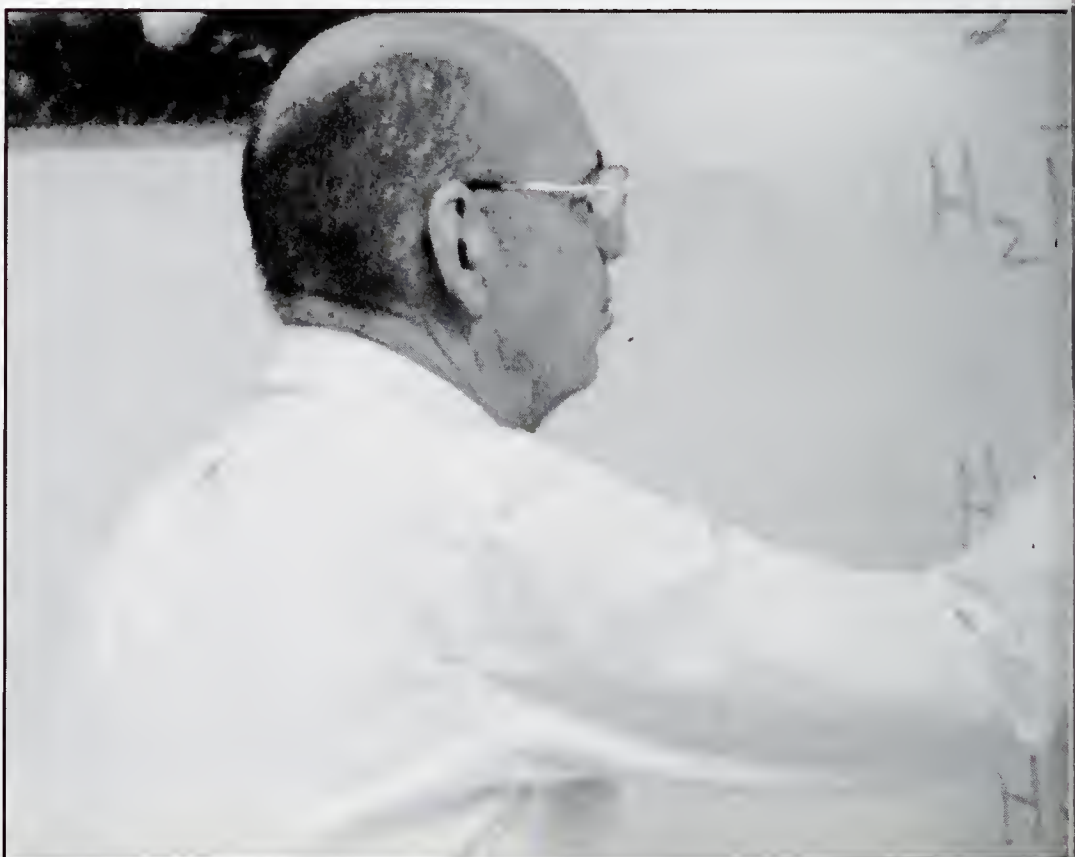
Dr. Dorothy May  
*Associate professor of biology*

## 1990-91 Park Faculty

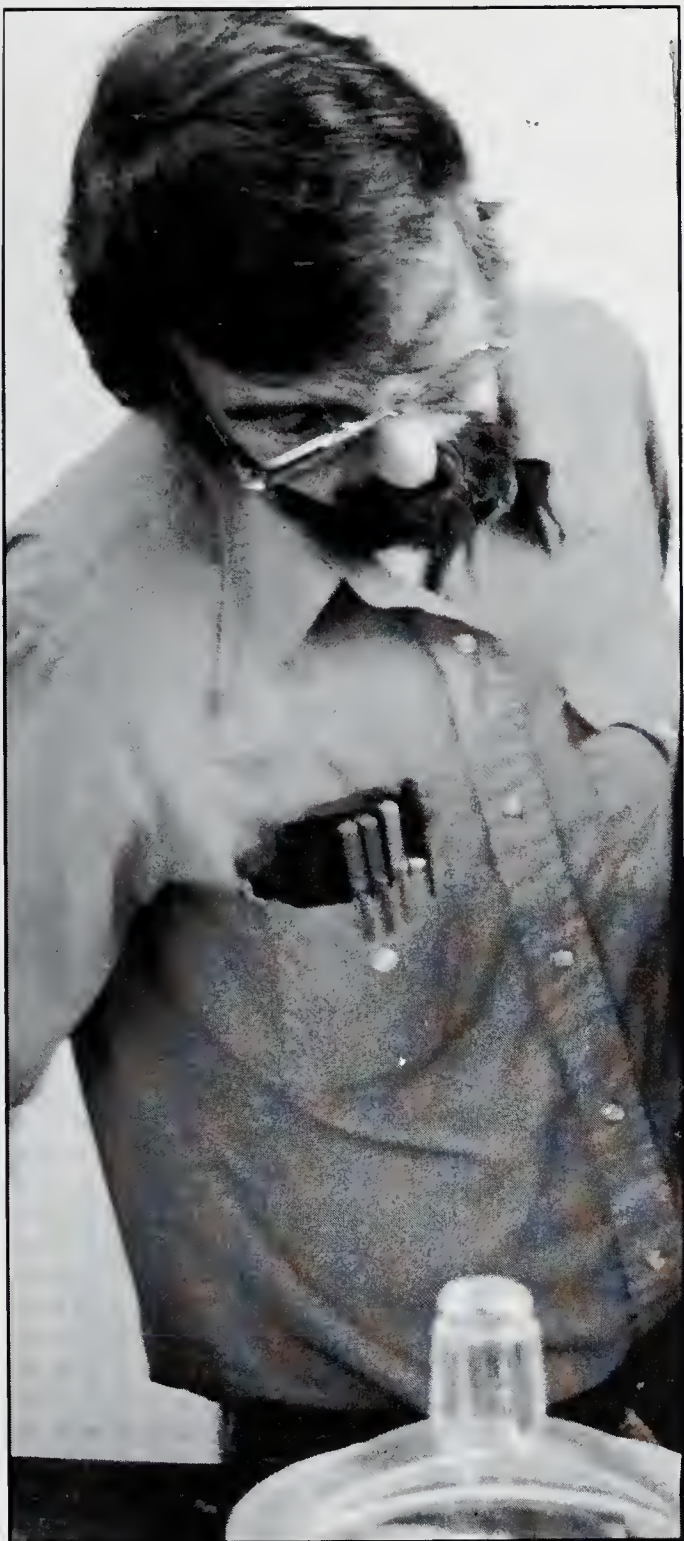
Dr. William Pivonka  
*Professor of chemistry*



Dr. Ray Stevens, Assistant Professor of  
Chemistry







Dr. Norman Clampitt  
*Associate professor of chemistry*



Al Dusing  
*Professor of biology*

***Photographs by Doug Woolsey***

Charles Smith  
*Assistant professor of mathematics*







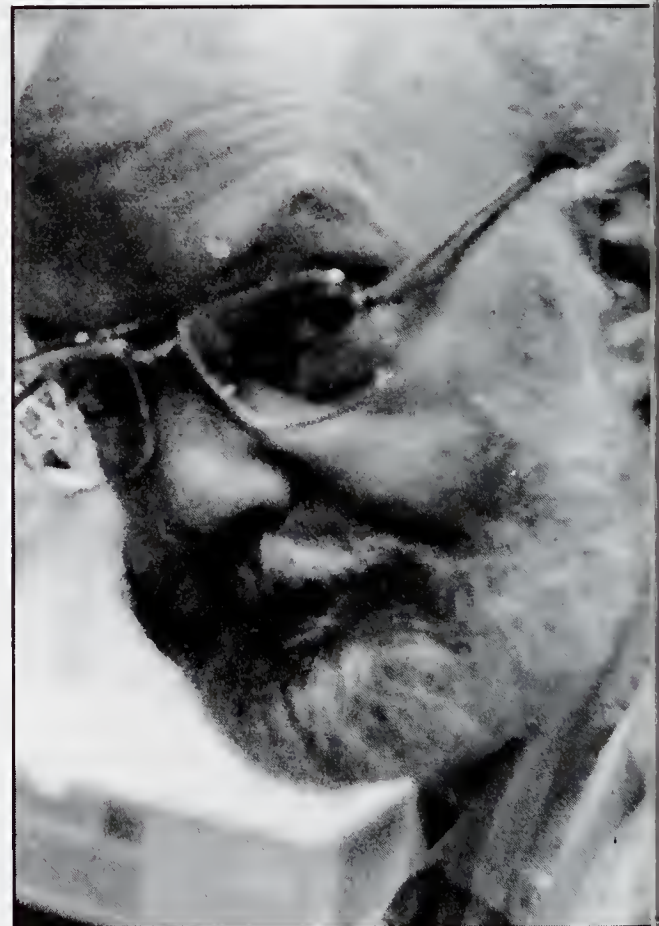
Donna Bachmann, Assistant  
Professor of Art

## 1990-91 Park Faculty

Dr. Ronald Miriani  
Professor of History



Dr. C. Merrill Proudfoot  
*Professor of religion/philosophy*



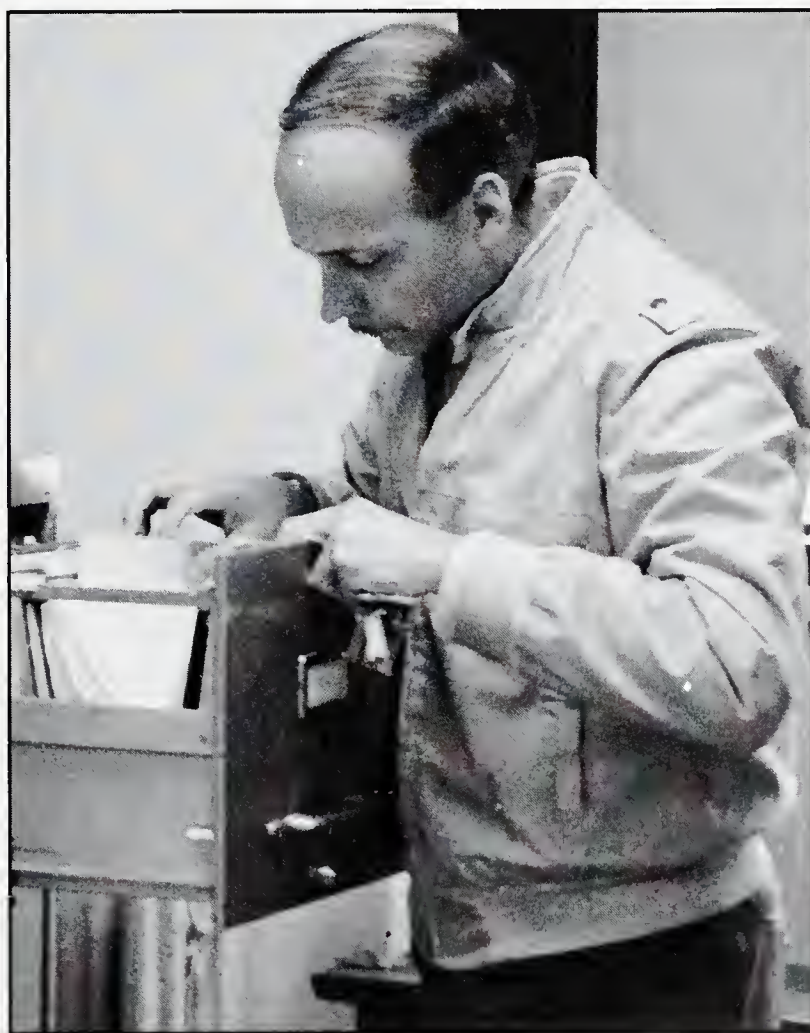




John Lofflin  
*Associate professor of journalism*



Ray Cumiskey  
*Associate professor of communication arts*



Mark Noe  
*Associate professor of communication arts*





marsha morgan  
Associate Professor of Theater

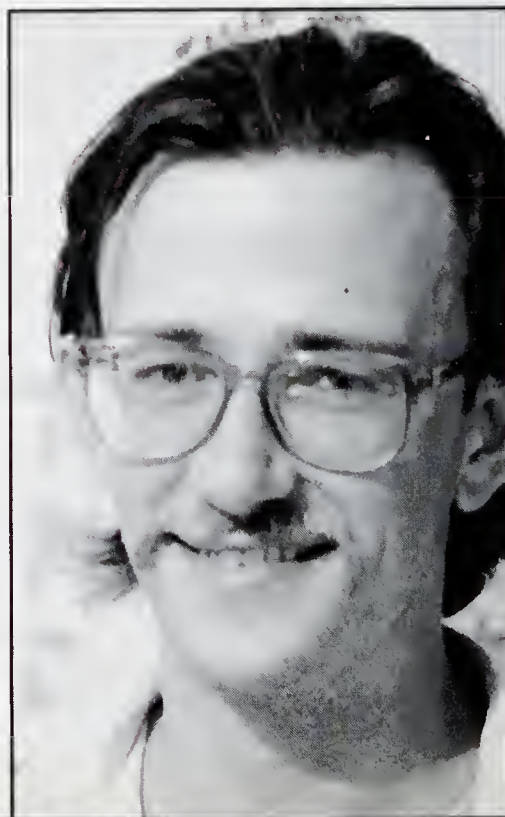
# 1990-91 Park Faculty



Dr. Thomas W. Peterman  
Director of Library System

Ray Smith, theater instructor

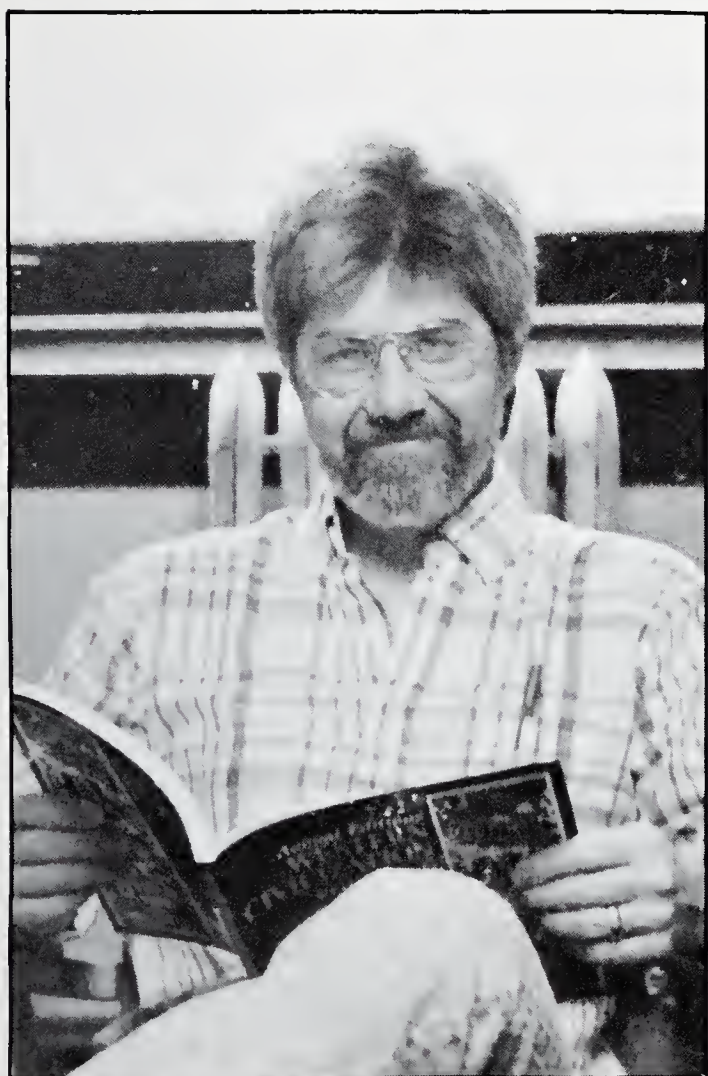
Ann Schultis, Librarian



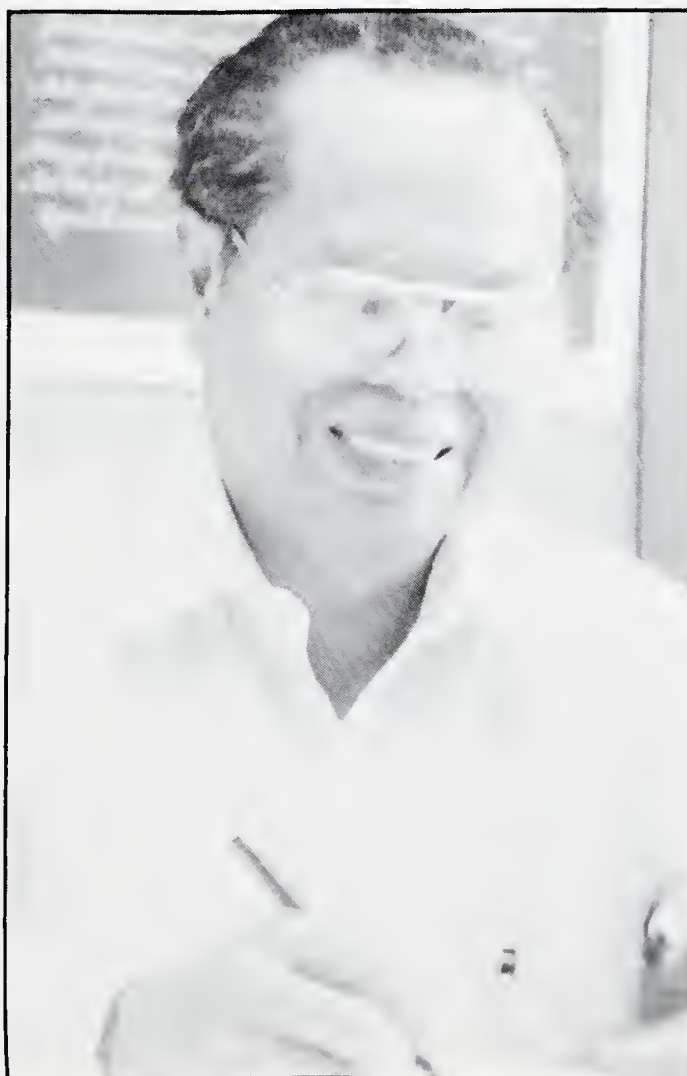




Sarah Morgan  
Associate Professor  
of English

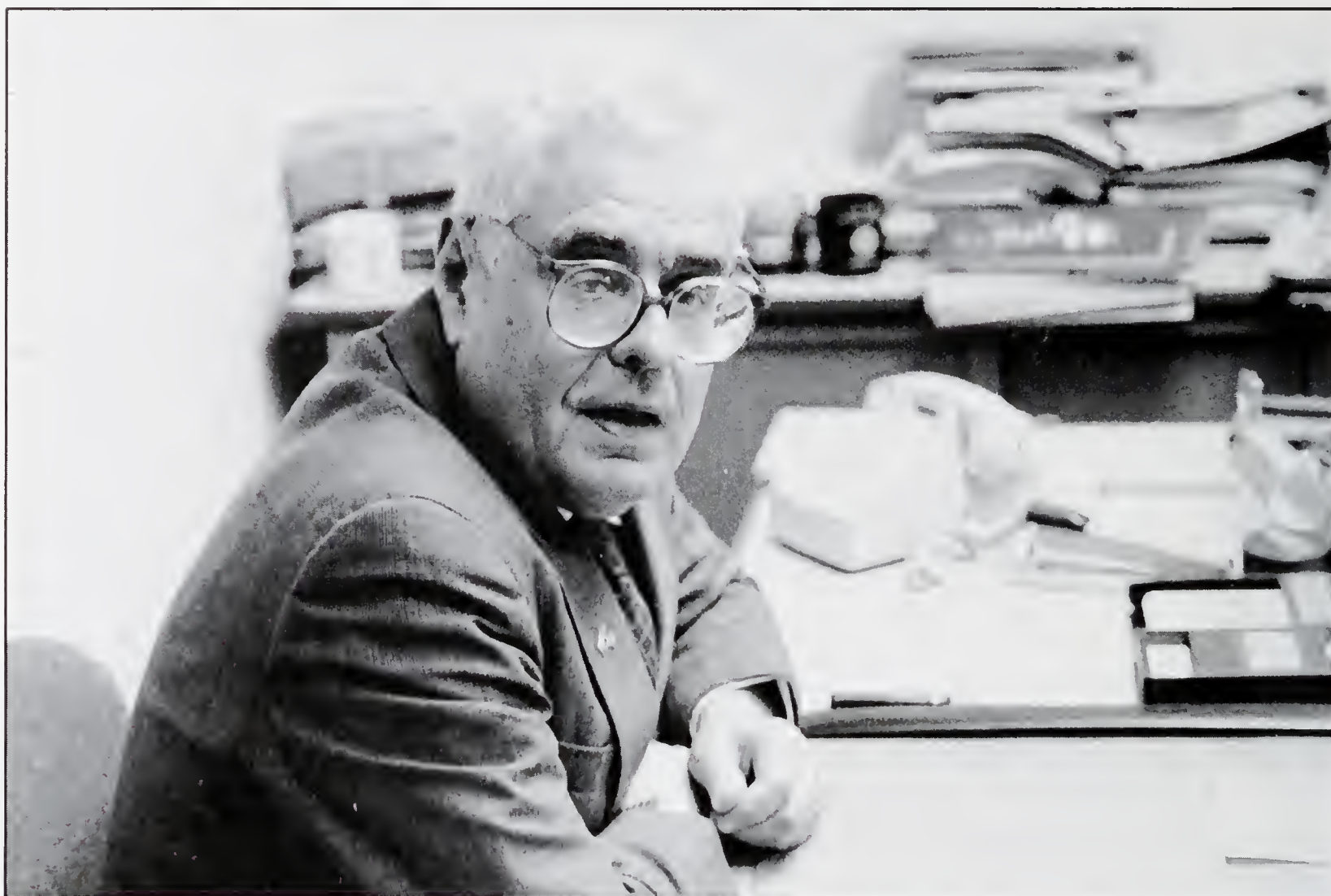


Dennis Okerstrom  
*Assistant professor of English*



David Quemada  
*Professor of English*





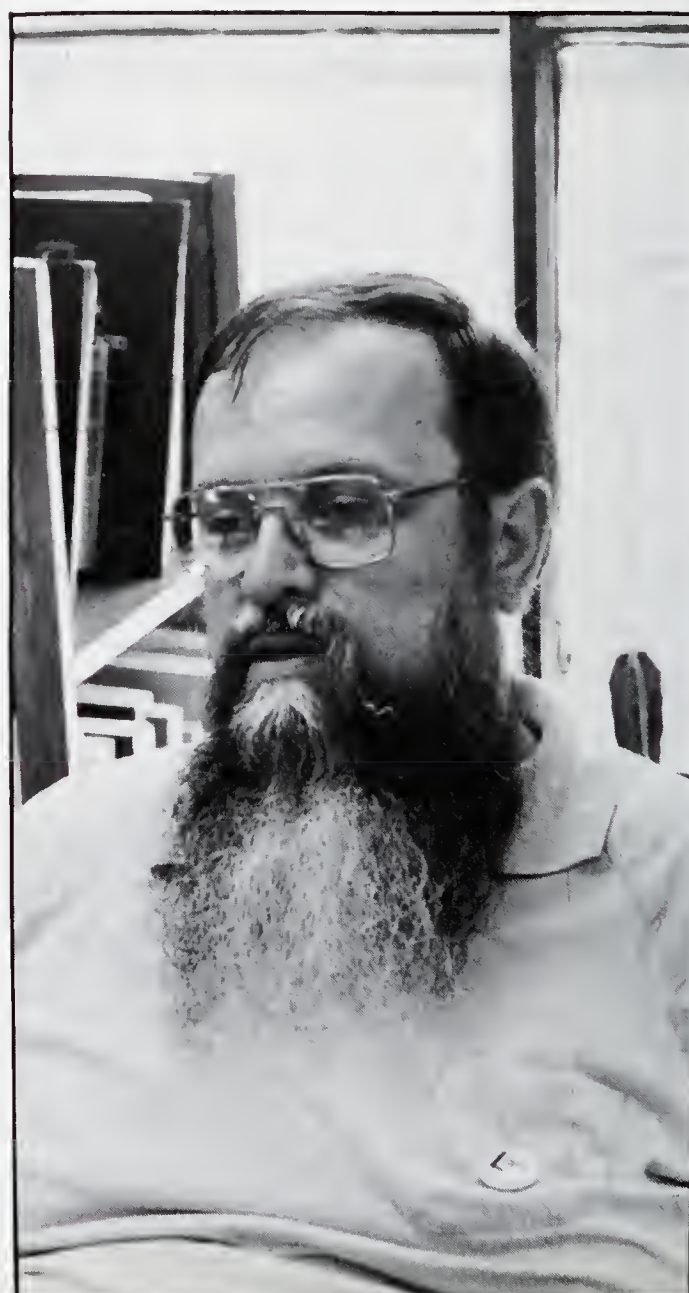
Dr. Jerzy Hauptmann  
*Professor of Political Science*

## 1990-91 Park Faculty



John Gore  
*Director of International Business*

Dr. Ronald Brecke  
*Associate professor of Political Science*







Kathy Ehrig Lofflin  
*Assistant professor of education*



Dr. Blance Sosland  
*Associate professor of education*



Dr. Mack Winholtz, Associate Professor of Human Services



Patricia McClelland  
*Assistant professor of education*



# 1990-91 Park Faculty

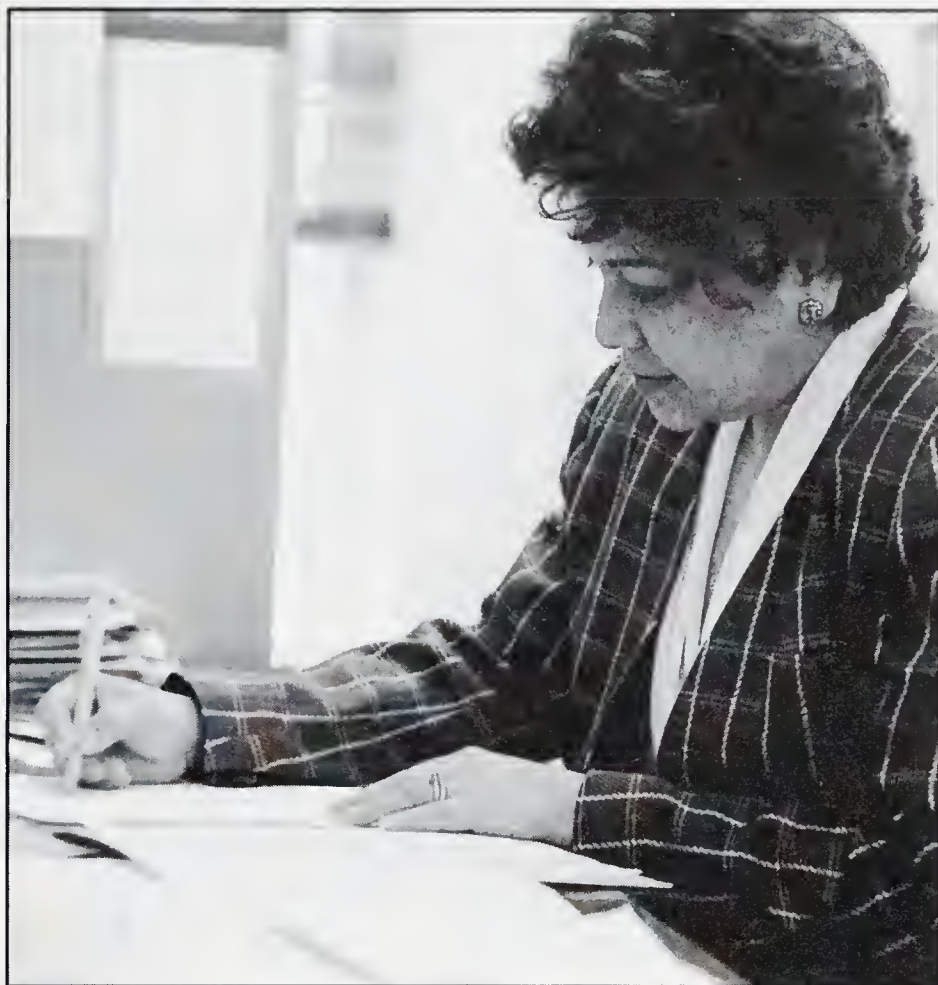
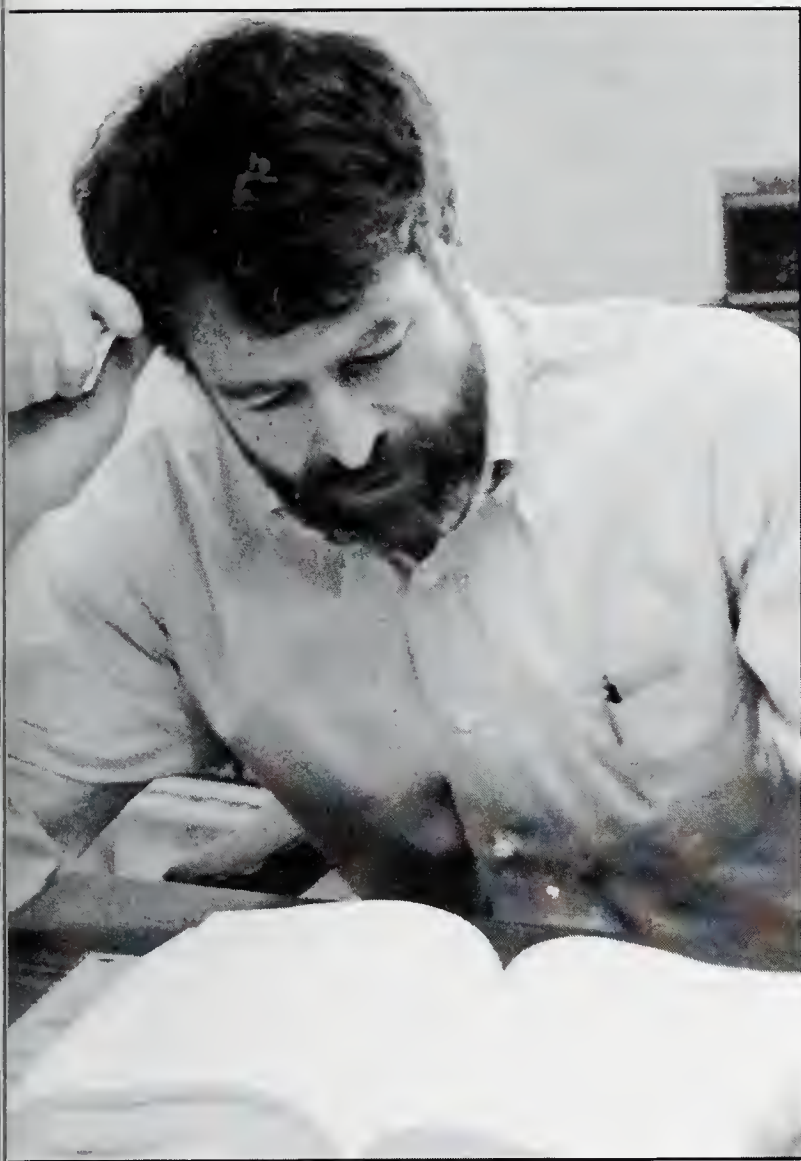
Therese M. Butler  
Assistant Professor of Marketing



Dr. William A. Baldwin  
Assistant Professor of Computer Science







Dr. Clara Brennan, Associate Professor of Economics

Paul Wuellner, Associate Professor of Accounting



W. Gregory Plumb  
Assistant Professor of Criminal Justice

Dr. Susan C. Ferro  
Assistant Professor of Education/Psychology





# 1990-91 Park Faculty

Satoko Endo  
Japanese

Mrs. Endo is shown here demonstrating the art of flower arranging for students. Mrs. Endo returned to Japan at the end of the semester. She said that when she found Park intends to bring another Japanese scholar to the campus next fall to continue Japanese studies, she wrote her husband saying, "I made it!"



Satoko Endo  
Japanese





Paul Smith, *business*



S.L. Sartain  
Assistant Vice President of Student Affairs

Dr. David Gunderson,  
Professor of Business Admin.









# Personal contact

## Roll # 1

Shane P. Whitaker  
Freshman  
Journalism  
Kansas City, Mo.

Jenny Chapin  
Junior  
Politics/Biology  
Kansas City, Mo.

Roger W. Hughlett  
Freshmen  
Journalism  
Joplin, Mo.

Shelli R. Allen  
Sophomore  
English  
Kansas City, Mo.

Kimberly Michelle Faler  
Sophomore  
English  
Topeka, KS

Kimberly White  
Freshmen  
Journalism  
Wichita, KS

Deborah Lale  
Graduating Senior  
Communication Theory/  
Human Relations  
Kansas City, MO

Nancy Brooks  
Junior  
Communication Theory/  
Human Relations  
Independence, MO

Marcia L. Horn  
Graduating Senior  
Journalism/  
Communication Theory  
Kansas City, MO

Shannon L. Kellogg  
Graduating Senior  
Journalism/  
English-creativewriting  
Chatfield, MN

Chris Calvert  
Graduating Senior  
Political Science  
Kansas City, MO

Mark Johnson  
Junior  
Communication Theory  
Wyoming, MI

Clyde Hill  
Sophomore  
Communication Theory  
Broadcast Radio  
Ft Walton Beach, FLA

Heather Maynard  
Senior  
Human Services/  
Psychology  
Ann Arbor, MI







# Personal contact

## Roll # 2

Heather Maynard  
Senior  
Human Services/Psychology  
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Laura Ashley Fox  
Junior  
Communication Arts  
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Michael Oladipo Popoola  
Senior  
Computer Science  
Nigeria

Doug Goldsmith  
Sophomore  
Pre-Professional  
Marlboro, NJ.

Oscar Onyango  
Sophomore  
Chemistry/Mathematics  
Nairobi, Kenya/E. Africa.

Vern Windsor  
Sophomore  
Corporate Education  
Liberty, Mo.

Jennifer Jones  
Freshman  
Foreign Language  
Lachine, MI

Jennifer Foster  
Junior  
Business Finance  
Lansing, MI

Anne M. Barnes-  
McKeever  
Senior  
Math  
Kansas City MO

Vonceil M. Allen  
Senior  
Chemistry/Secondary  
Education  
Independence, MO

Michael S. Dugas  
Sophomore  
Communications  
Broadcasting  
Parkville, Mo.

Lenin V. Guerra  
Freshmen  
International Business  
Quito - Ecuador

Gary Jones  
Junior  
Communication Broad-  
casting  
Kansas City, MO

Marie Austin  
Freshman  
Psychology  
Richmond, MO

Jennifer Stewart  
Freshman  
Int'l Business  
Kansas City, KS







# Personal contact

## Roll # 3

Jeffrey Todd Anderson  
Graduating Senior  
Music  
Alpena, MI

Hector Ismael Medrano  
Senior  
Computer Science  
Guadalajara, Mexico

Elmer Lloyd Gustave  
Becker Jr II  
Senior  
Business  
Administration/  
Finance, Economics  
Mayview, MO

Terri Dionne Turner  
Senior  
Business  
Administration  
Kansas City, MO

Mary Mills  
sophomore  
Communications  
Kansas City, MO

Michelle Taylor  
Junior  
Secondary Education  
Independence MO

Katherine Fecho  
Graduating Senior  
History  
Kansas City, MO

Scott Karch Murray  
Sophomore  
English  
Downers Grove, IL

Zerelda Kay Yocham-  
Wand  
Sophomore  
Psychology  
Independence, MO

Cheryl A. East  
Senior  
Psychology/Human  
Services  
Gladstone, MO

Douglas A. Woolsey  
Graduating Senior  
Communications Major  
Radio/ T.V.  
N. Kansas City, MO.

Kellie Lynn Thompson  
Junior  
Journalism/English  
Kansas City, Mo.







# Personal contact

## *Roll # 4*

Debbie Winbinger  
Freshman  
Sports Medicine  
Omaha, NE.

Shannon Showalter  
Junior  
Communication Arts  
Eskridge, KS.

Stanley Ray Willis  
Senior  
English/Journalism  
Independence, MO.

Anthony Layne Luyet  
Sophomore  
Physical Therapy  
Lenexa, KS

Selpelihter S. Hadley  
Sophomore  
Criminal Justice  
Micronesia, Pohnpei

Sophia B Henry  
Sophomore  
Criminal Justice  
Pohnpei, Micronesia

Vicque Copeland  
Junior  
English  
Kansas City, MO

Bryan Lonel Singleton  
Junior  
Criminal Justice  
Chicago, IL

Vanessa R. Hall  
Sophomore  
Political Science  
St. Louis, MO

Kenneth Khoo  
Senior  
Biology & Chemistry  
Penang, Malaysia

Lindsay Jones Mark  
Senior  
Criminal Justice  
Chicago, Ill  
Tawnia Ruth Showalter  
Junior  
Communication Theory  
and Human Relations  
Independence, MO

Chad S. Kallauner  
Sophomore  
English  
Kansas City, MO

Jennifer Marei Adriano  
Senior  
Marketing  
Political Science  
Kansas City, MO

Bruce Foster  
Freshman  
Political Science  
Lansing, MI

Daniel N. Flomo  
Freshman  
Computer Science  
Liberia, West Africa







# Personal contact

## Roll # 5



Jo Ellen Caldwell  
Junior  
Sports Medicine  
Corinth, Ms.

Roxana Sohrabi  
Freshman  
Biology  
Iran

Peter J. Bakely  
Junior  
Comm arts-Television/  
Minor in Theatre  
Parkville

Lazona T. Stovall  
Junior  
Elementary Education  
Kansas City, Mo

Celestine D. Perkins  
Junior  
Accounting  
Kansas City, MO

Ardith M. Provenzano  
Sophomore  
Human Services/  
Psychology  
North Kansas City

Gus Aitaro  
Senior  
Political Science  
Koror, Palau

Lance Brashear  
freshman  
undecided  
Mulvane, KS

Johnie Winston jr.  
senior  
Criminal justice  
Cleveland Ohio

Kimberly June  
McFarland  
sophomore  
criminal justice  
Smithville, Missouri

Karla M. Champney  
sophomore  
undecided  
Palatine, IL

Jennifer Lynn Moore  
Sophomore  
Sports Medicine  
Albuquerque, New  
Mexico

Iris Denise Anderson  
Senior  
Human Services  
Kansas City Kansas

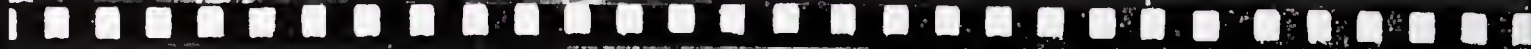
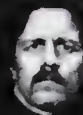
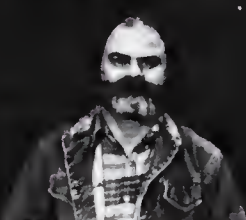
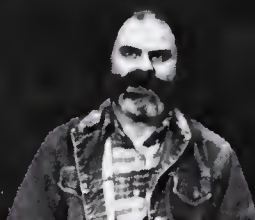
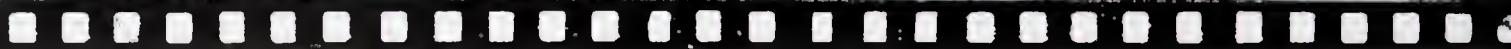
John Lee Rosenthal  
Senior  
Computer Science  
Bloomington, Minn

Tina Marie Goade  
Junior  
Communication Arts (tv  
radio)  
Independence, Mo.

K. Michael Goodman  
Junior  
Pre-Pro  
Guayaquil Ecuador

Brent Todd Cowan  
Freshman  
Business  
St. Peters, Missouri







# Personal contact

## Roll # 6

Kelly Anne Larson  
Sophomore  
Biology  
Kansas City, Mo

Heather Kristine  
Sophomore  
Political Science/  
Communication Arts  
Lansing, Michigan

Brad Harrison  
Junior  
Accounting  
Ft Lauderdale, Fl

Paula Cress  
Junior  
Communication Arts  
Albuquerque, NM

Sue Mei Hum  
Senior  
Computer Science, Mathemat-  
ics  
Penang, Malaysia

Perry Pedrus  
Senior  
Computer Based Information  
Systems  
Pohnpei, FSM

Thomas W. Stachowski  
Senior  
Business Management and  
Finance  
Baltimore, Maryland

Damon R. Alexander  
Freshmen  
Art  
Kansas City Missouri

Bobbi Jo Diem  
Junior  
Mathematics  
Boonville, Missouri

Catherine June Hale  
Freshmen  
Art and Equine  
Studies  
Starbuck,  
Washington

Tina Maree Murray  
Freshman  
Human Services  
Braymer, Missouri

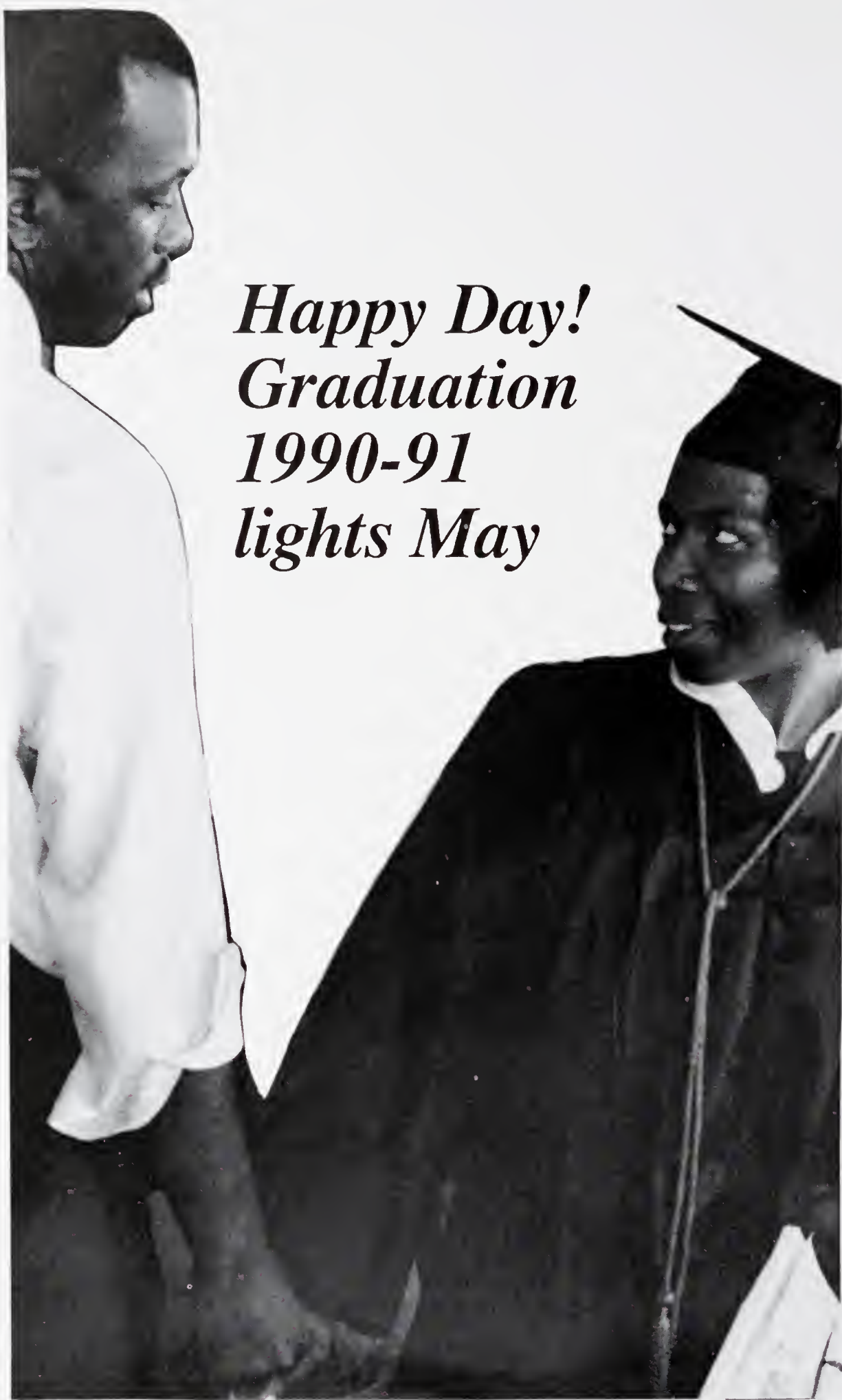
Jacqueline L. Ware  
Junior  
Communication  
Pulaski, Illinois

Gregory A.  
McDonald  
Junior  
Communication arts  
Arcadia, CA

Timothy D. Reddy  
Senior  
Journalism/English  
Fort Plain, NY

Cecil A. Sisson  
Senior  
Journalism/Commu-  
nications  
South Haven, MI





*Happy Day!  
Graduation  
1990-91  
lights May*



#### **HONORARY DEGREES**

The Degree of Doctor of Laws to Lois Spier Gray

Presented by Dr. Blanche E. Sosland and Dr. Z. Clara Brennan

The Degree of Doctor of Humane Letters to Carolyn Mary McAfee Appleby

Presented by Dr. Hugh B. McAfee, Jr. and Dr. Harry A. Blanton





*Saturday, May Eleventh  
Nineteen Hundred Ninety-One  
Two O'Clock*

*R. L. D. S. Auditorium*

President Breckon address the graduates



The panorama from above.





A graduate and a potential graduate.

*Narva photos/ Cecil Sisson*



After the long, hot walk.

#### RECOGNITIONS

Ms. Angela Ann Houston  
Outstanding Graduating Woman, Home Campus

Ms. Peggy J. Ball-Coleman  
Outstanding Student, School for Extended Learning

Mr. Myles Allen Perry  
Outstanding Senior Man, Home Campus

SSgt Robert J. Martin  
Outstanding Student, School for Extended Learning

Ms. Ingrid Marie Mueller  
Outstanding Student, Graduate School of Public Affairs

Mr. J. L. Longsdorf  
Outstanding Student, Graduate School of Public Affairs



*Park graduation is often a family affair*



Debi Lale, nervous.

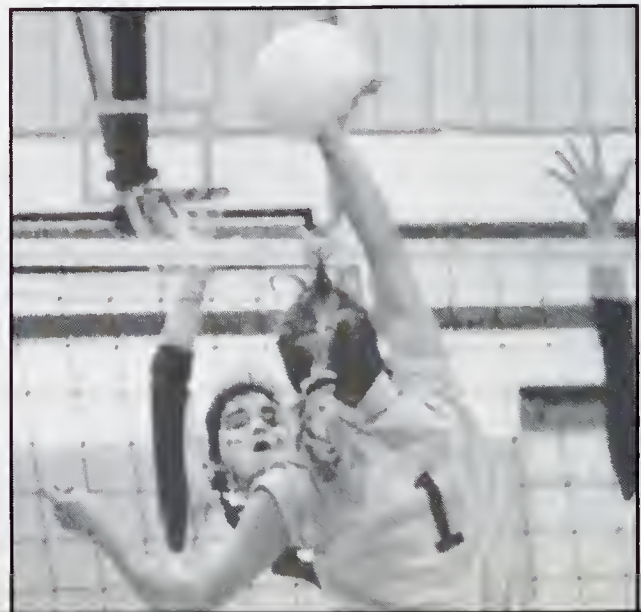


A hearty congratulations.



The traditional snapshot.





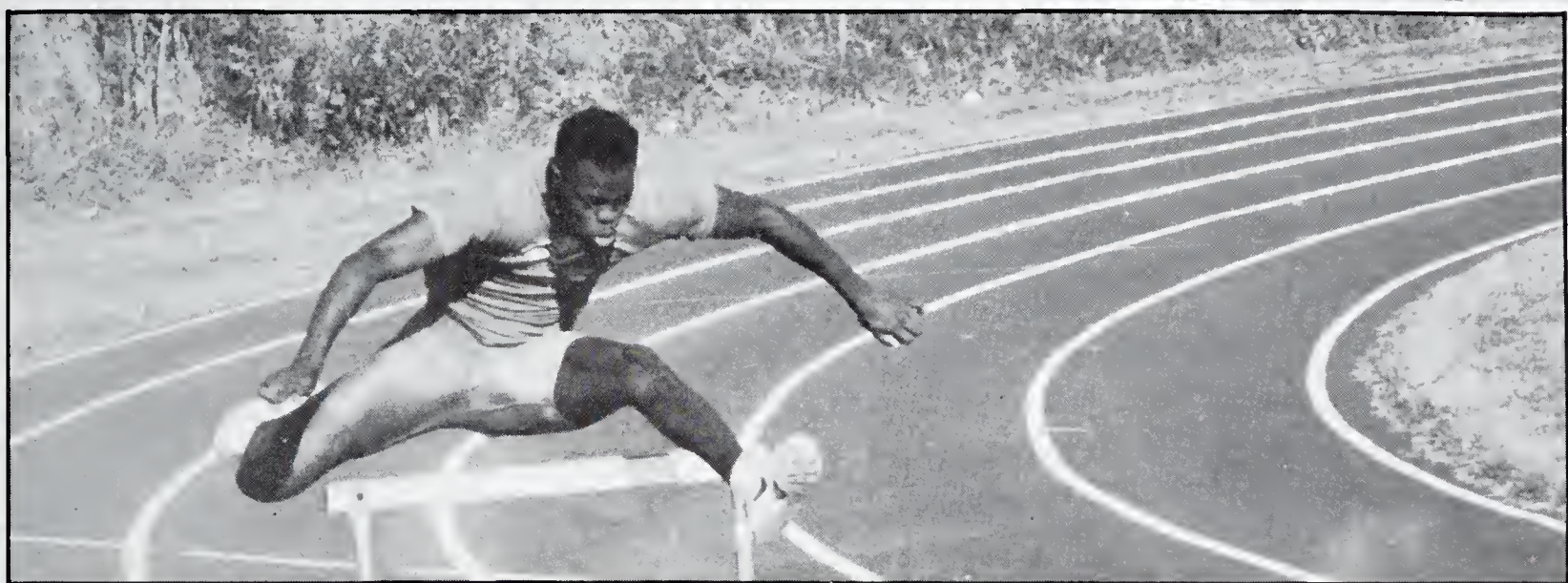




# Sports

*1990-1991*

Section editor: Jacqueline Ware





# Men's Soccer

The men ended their season in fine fashion as well. They finished with a 16-5-1 record and a ranking of 19th in the nation. Three Pirates were rewarded for their efforts on the field as they received NAIA All-District honors. Wael Salama, Mike Zuber, and Rich Wolf were all chosen to the first team.

The squad attained a challenger's position at the district championships against Rockhurst. Rockhurst was ranked second in the nation going into the game.

On a cold and misty day, the Pirates came to play. An aggressive defense was the key as Park held Rockhurst scoreless during regulation. Park had their chances on offense but just couldn't seem to hit the net.

Their best opportunity came with just under two minutes remaining. Max Taouil headed a ball that appeared to be destined for the back of the net; unfortunately for the Pirates, the shot hit the post.

In overtime, Rockhurst was able to net two goals and come away with a 2-0 victory. The win advanced them to the area playoffs beginning this weekend.

"I am extremely pleased with the performance of the men this season," said coach Ben Popoola. "They peaked exactly at the right time. The 12 seniors will be missed. They've had four good years. I wish them the best of luck as they move on."

To get to the championship against Rockhurst, the men had to defeat Fontebonne, a team they had beaten previously. Neither team was able to score in a rough and physical first half.

Fontebonne broke the scoreless tie with 25 minutes remaining in the game on a penalty kick. Pete Mosher answered that goal with one of his own four minutes later when the ball rolled under the goalie. These two goals stood as the teams took a 1-1 tie into overtime.

Dash Freeman erased the tie when he scored with 2:40 minutes remaining in the opening 15 minutes. Freeman would have a hand in the next goal, as well, as he hit the crossbar on a set play and Mosher followed it in to get his second goal of the afternoon. Park came away with the 3-1 victory.



## Lineup

Tajudeen Adeloden  
James Aller  
Fernando Arenas  
Ronald Barnetted  
David Bell  
Paul Brown  
James Bryant  
Neill burt  
James Collins  
John Collins  
Anthony Crank  
Jon Eisenbraun  
Jose Escobar  
Christopher Farmer  
Kenneth Fowler  
Dash Freeman  
Timothy Ginnee  
Dennis Hayes  
Richard Henry  
Robin Henry  
Joseph Kieyah  
Dirk Lawson  
Benny Linex

Vincent Lopez  
William Marshal  
Chad McCain  
Ismael Medrano  
David P. Moser  
Michael Popoola  
Robert Puttoff  
Carlos Rodriguez  
Pandenla Rotta  
Wael Salama  
Joseph Smith  
Ayhan Sonqur  
Gareth Spencer  
Michael Spinos  
Majed Taouil  
Lotfi Tayan  
Matthew Windbinger  
Richard Wolf  
Scott Wolf  
Michael Zuber



# Women's Soccer

**Kim White**  
Sports Editor

A tremendous soccer season has ended for the Lady Pirates. They finished ranked ninth in the nation with a 16-3-1 record and six women earned NAIA All-District honors. Karla Champney, Heidi Schroeder, Jeni Moore and Maureen Stewart all earned first team honors. Melissa Starman and Debbie Winbinger earned second team honors. The Pirates' record excludes junior colleges' results.

A chance in the finals of the regional tournament in St. Louis was a step up the ladder for the women as they edge a step further in the playoffs each year the program has been in existence.

"We are improving each year," said coach Ben Popoola. "We need this progress to continue over the duration of our program."

The odds of this kind of progress continuing are good. It is possible that all of the current players could return for next season if they choose to do so. "I have the core of next year's team right now," said

Popoola. "I intend to bring in at the most five players next season. These five players will be crucial in strengthening our bench."

Park had a small bench this season. Injuries kept several of the Pirates sidelined throughout the year. At a critical moment, the team went into the regional tournament without Paula Cress and Amy Kurtz, two players Popoola believes could have helped.

"Not having players because of injuries really hurt us," said Popoola.

The women however, didn't fair too badly as they finished second in their region only to Lindenwood. Park lost to Lindenwood 2-1 in the championship game of regionals.

"We dominated the entire game," said Popoola. "The girls played their hearts out. Unfortunately, the ball just didn't bounce our way when we needed it to." Park's only goal in this overtime game was scored by Moore.



## Lineup

Brandi Brobst - Freshman  
Karla Champney - Sophomore  
Paula Cress - Junior  
Laura Davis - Sophomore  
Marie Giani - Freshman  
Dawn Marie Gludt - Freshman  
Tina Goade - Sophomore  
Lisa Gorman - Junior  
Amy Kurtz - Sophomore  
Christine Mckim - Junior  
Jennifer Moore - Sophomore  
Tami Olson - Freshman  
Holly Salzbrenner - Junior  
Heidi Schoeder - Sophomore  
Melissa Starman - Sophomore  
Maureen Stewart - Junior  
Wyndy Taouil - Junior  
Debbie Windbinger - Freshman





# Women's Basketball

The women's basketball team made waves of their own during the 1990-91 season. Head Coach Judy Vaughn's Lady Pirates qualified for the District Playoffs for the first time in the school's history. This was a major accomplishment considering Vaughn only returned one player, Junior Wyndy Taouil from last years squad. Her initiate crew consisted of five transfers and three freshman.

The lady hoop squad got off to a good start, posting a 6-6 record before the Christmas break. Which helped bolster the team from their unranked pre-season status to the fifth position on the District 16 Dunkel rating....

Park got off to a blazing start after the Christmas break posting a 7-2 record despite the loss of guards, Rachel Contreras and Melissa Starman to early second semester injuries. But after the William Woods Invitational tournament the tide changed as Vaughn's squad lost their next five consecutive games.

"It is obvious that the lack of bench depth took it's toll late in the season," said Vaughn. "The team made good progress but with the two girls getting injured and us playing some very tough competition the girls were just physically and mentally worn out late in the season."

"While in one respect this season was frustrating in that there were nine games which we came up short by less than five points. On the other hand we earned some much deserved respect both in the district and on the national level."

Although she wishes her team could have finished thier regular season stronger, Vaughn's overall view of the season was pleasant.

"I was very pleased with the girls performance both on the court and in the classroom," said Vaughn. "I think the team is headed in the right direction, great things are happening on the women's basketball team.

The women's basketball team finished the season with a overall record of 14-14 and was nationally ranked 7th in rebounding and 14 in defense. Lisa Cook, who averaged 15.9 points and 9.7 rebounds for the Pirates was named to the All-District First Team. Taouil and Angie Adamo were named as All- District Honorable Mention.

## Record

	Park	Opponent
Bethany	50	55
Kansas Wesleyan	84	65
McPherson	53	62
Culver-Stockton	67	69
Bartlesville Wesleyan	59	58
Friends	55	59
Missouri Valley	80	61
Harris-Stowe	65	54
Mid-America	71	53
Grandview	52	54
Avila	65	46
Missouri Baptist	58	62
Fontebonne	58	56
Harris-Stowe	57	54
Mid America	80	46
College of the Ozarks	70	75
Benedictine	101	45
Missouri Baptist	65	50
Avila	62	44
William Woods	53	65
Kansas Newman	67	84
Missour Valley	56	57
Benedictine	104	37
College of the Ozarks	63	80

## Lineup

Angela Adamo - 6'2" Jr.

Rachel Contreras - 5'2" Fr.

Lisa Cook - 5'10" Jr.

Antionette Hardy - 5'6" Jr.

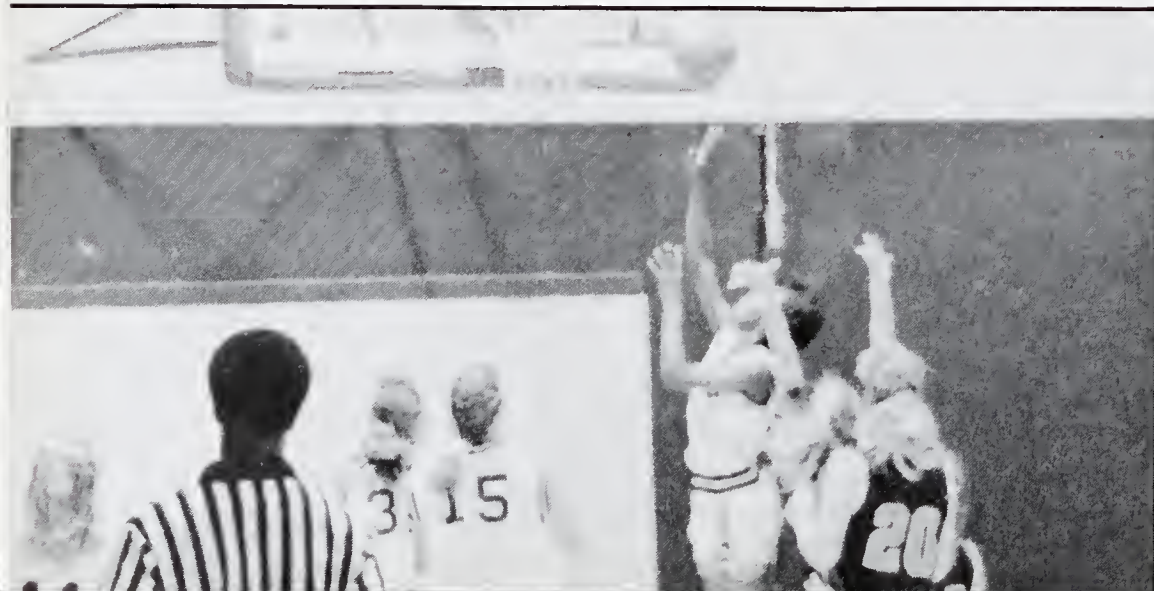
Tami Olson - 5'10" Fr.

Melissa Starman - 5'6" Sr.

Wyndy Taouil - 5'10" Jr.

Jacqueline Ware - 5'8" Jr.

Kimberly White - 5'10" Fr.





# Men's Basketball

The men's basketball team ruled the sea of District 16, this season. After capturing the District Championship crown Park advanced to the ARA Services NAIA National Tournament in Kemper Arena.

Since Head Coach, David Francis took over the helm of the once sunken program, the mighty Pirate ship has forged full speed ahead. Francis and his young guns have propelled Park from the winless season's of the past into a District Championship in just three seasons.

Park started off this season at a blistering pace posting a 10-2 record before the Christmas break, despite key injuries to Senior, Mark Jones and Sophomore, Fred Short. Following the break with the addition of Junior transfer, John Russell and Jones and Short returning from injuries, Park expected to be in full force to make a run at the District Title. But came up short as starting point guard, Vic Young who averaged 11.7 points and 6 assists per game during the first semester, was declared academically ineligible.

Without Young the Pirates lacked floor leadership and according to Francis the additional players Jones

and Russell trying to do too much themselves attributed to Park's two early second semester losses to Missouri Valley and Lindenwood. After the loss to Lindenwood Francis regrouped his team which responded with a eight game winning streak

At Kemper Arena the Pirates offensive show came to a halt. Russell who averaged 29.3 points a game during the District Tournament was held to 13 points and as a team Park shot a season low of 34%. Despite these factors the Pirates quickness kept them within striking distance and with 12 minutes left in the game the Pirates 6'4" center, Johnny Davis took on the 'twin towers' of Briar Cliff to bring Park within nine points with 2:51 left in the game.

Several Pirates recieved post season honors among which were Davis who averaged 20 points and 8 rebounds per game was chosen to the All-District First Team, and was also an All-American Honorable Mention. Seniors Mark Jones and Todd Baugh, who averaged 12 and 13 points respectively were chosen as All-District Honorable Mention.

The 1990-91 men's basketball team finished the season with a 26-7 record the best in the history of Park College.

## Lineup

Cleveland Allen	6'4"	Jr.
Todd Baugh	6'2"	Sr.
Arthur Brooks	6'0"	Sr.
Charles Bryant	6'7"	Fr.
Johnny Davis	6'4"	Jr.
Mark Jones	6'3"	Sr.
Bob Kanatzar	6'3"	So.
John Russell	6'2"	Jr.
Chad Rust	6'2"	So.
Fred Short	6'1"	So.
Bryan Singleton	6'5"	Jr.
Joseph Smith	6'1"	Jr.

## Record

Peru State	90	87
Concordia	57	78
Baker	80	79
Missouri Baptist	74	65
Tarkio	97	95
Southwestern	86	73
Panhandle	72	57
Baptist Bible	85	65
Hannibal LaGrange	105	87
Tarkio	64	73
Missouri Valley	98	91
Baker	88	68
Missouri Valley	75	80
Harris-Stowe	73	64
Lindenwood	75	83
Missouri Baptist	81	71
Central Bible	80	48
McPherson	94	73
Lindenwood	88	56
Benedictine	99	88
Hannibal-LaGrange	96	78
Ottawa	76	58
Avila	111	81
SIUE	76	81
Peru State	80	65
Baptist Bible	84	44
Central Bible	82	64



# Women's Volleyball

Coach Flynn believes this years squad layed the foundation to bring the winning tradition of women's volleyball back to Park.

For the first time in six years Park has sent a women's volleyball team to the District championships.

"I'm enthused that we qualified for the District Tournament this year and we expect to be there again in 1991," said Coach Flynn.

The personality of the returning players along with quality freshman such as Gretchen Mets, from Park Hill High School, helped to make this year a success.

"This years team makes coaching fun," said Flynn, "They got along well and were interested in learning more about the game."

This 'relentless pursuit' of knowledge and enthusiasm helped Park to fair well against the better teams in District 16.

The returners provided stability for the young suad. Sophomore, Kim Faler led the team in blocking while fulfilling her role as team captain in hitting, 'Top Gun', Amy Hamilton led the team in hitting, and Junior, Tara Waggoner was the teams defensive specialists.

In the District Championships Park faced Rockhurst, Columbia, and William Woods. The Lady Pirates were unable to come away with a win. But were able t score more poits against these teams than in the regula season.

Park ended the season with a record of 28-33. Faler, Hamilton, and Mets were named as Honorable Mentions to the All-District Team.

## Lineup

Rachel Contreras

Dana Dick

Connie Espinoza

Kim Faler

Jean Gorton

Amy Hamilton

Jennifer Jones

Lisa Nardella

Christy Stewart

Tara Wagonner



# Men's Volleyball

On January 20th the men's volleyball team opened the first official seson of men's volleyball in Park College history.

"This was a very important season for Park and the sport of Volleyball," said Coach Flynn. "We have one of two men's varsity programs in the Midwest. People are excited that we are here and are looking forward to great things from us in the future."

January 20th held many historical milestones for Park men's volleyball. Tony Luyet led the way, recording the first kill, and Jeff Hall collected the first solo blk.

Robert lee and Paul Baxter combined for the first block assist. Todd Brezinka and Mike Otterman will also be in the chronicles with the first assist and first ace serve respectively.

Other participants in the men's first victory were Jason Benson, Bill Brooks, Chuch Davis, Tim Driskell, Matt Hale, Jeff Hall, Mark Johnson, Chris Kosa, Scott Martenson, Brett Morarend, and Scott Murray.

"Most of these players come from Junior Olympic programs," said Flynn, "this has been an outstanding recruiting year for our first season."

The 6-0 start by the Pirates set the tone for a successful campaign for Flynn's talented crew.

"They've not only proven themselves as a varsity team but they've shown to be one of the strongest teams in the Midwest," said Flynn.

There were several players on this years squad who stood in the forefront. Baxter, led the team in passing and digs. He also tallied the highest hitting percentage. The top man at the net for the Pirates was Jeff Hall who led the team in solo blocks and block assist.

Lee, the team captain led the team in kills. And according to Flynn is one of the most dominant, impressive players she has seen. "Robert is our best all-around athlete," said Flynn, "He was the one player who made the differtence this year."

The Pirates faired well in the National Tournament which was outstanding for a first year program. They were 2-4 in versus national competition.

Park finished their first regular season with a record of 17-10.

## Lineup

Paul Baxter

Jason Benson

Todd Brezinka

Chuck Davis

Matt Hale

Jeff Hall

Mark Johnson

Chris Kosa

Robert Lee

Tony Luyet

Scott Martenson

Brett Morarend

Scott Murray

Mike Otterman





# Cross Country

By Jeff Chaltas  
Staff Reporter

Coach Dave McCalley's face beams. His eyes sparkle. Like children's faces when they first see all the presents under the tree on Christmas morning, he can't hide his enthusiasm for this year's cross country squads at Park College.

After coming off a first-place finish at the Baker Invitational meet on Sept. 8, McCalley has reason to be happy.

"I'm excited about the teams," he said, grinning with the slight restraint a coach with a long season ahead knows he must. "They've worked hard all summer preparing for this season. The men's team looks extraordinarily good this year."

The Baker meet proved the strength of the men's squad. The team took first overall with a score of 21 points, while distancing themselves from the second-place team by a wide margin of 58 points. Team scores are based on the places of the top five finishers. Similar to the scoring in golf, each team wants the lowest possible score.

Of the 88 runners at the meet, Phil Hudnall placed first. Other top finishers included Lenin Guerra, third; Jenkins Davis, fourth; Joe Van Dierendonk, sixth; Brent Cowan, seventh; Blake Wilder, 10th; and David Thompson, 15th.

McCalley expected the team to do well after seeing the results of the intra-squad meet held in late August. The sixth-place male finisher ran as fast as last year's winning runner.

Both the men's and women's teams placed second in last year's District 16 meet. Several runners, including Davis, Emerson, Hudnall, Shawn Smith, and Thompson, have earned All-District honors.

"Both teams are running very well right now," said Dave McCalley, head coach.

"Well" is an understatement. The team traveled to Missouri Southern on Sept. 22 and turned in a grand performance. The men finished sixth out of twenty-four teams.

They finished behind only one NAIA school, Adams State, who finished second in the meet to Arkansas.

October 6 saw the team perform well at the Swede Invitational in Lindsborg, Kansas. The biggest adjustment for the team was the weather. "We ran in 90 degree heat and 30 mph winds," said McCalley. "The conditions were some-

thing that we were not used to."

Despite the weather, the team finished third in a meet that featured ten teams, five which were ranked. Park finished third behind Fort Hays State, which is currently ranked tenth. Southwestern finished second and is ranked seventh. Although Park is not ranked, McCalley believes it is only a matter of time before they will be.

Phil Hudnall led the way for the men as he finished seventh. Jenkins Davis finished tenth and Shawn Smith 14th. Lenin Guerra and David Thompson rounded out the scoring as they finished 17th and 31st respectively.

The Park College men's cross country squad was stopped short of a district championship by rival Lindenwood in the District 16 race at Tarkio College, Saturday, Nov. 1.

## Lineup

### Men:

Craig Booker	-Sophomore
Brent Cowan	-Freshman
Jenkins Davis	-Senior
Rusty Frederick	-Freshman
Lenin Guerra	-Freshman
Phil Hunall	-Sophomore
Mark Roberts	-Senior
Shawn Smith	-Sophomore
David Thompson	-Junior
Joe Van Dierendonk	-Freshman

### Women:

Cheri Day	-Freshman
Tammy Emerson	-Sophomore
Charletta Lee	-Freshman
Tina Murray	-Freshman



# Track

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**Kim White**  
Sports Editor

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The indoor track season has come to a close, but the athletes are still working hard. Their outdoor season is just around the corner which will open on March 22 at home for the Park Open.

However, there are all of the possibilities that could have been. The men's track team, after coming off an excellent performance in the District 16 track meet, went to the Indoor Nationals at Municipal Auditorium on March 1-2.

"Things definitely did not go as ex-

pected for us," said Coach Dave McCalley.

The worst thing that could have happened, did, as the mile relay team consisting of Craig Booker, Earl Fowler, Chris Pryor and Byron VonLeggett ran into problems. The men were in first place through the third leg of their relay and then disaster struck. Fowler was bumped into another lane and thrown off stride. The men were able to finish third, but were disqualified for invading another lane.

"The guys were extremely disappointed," said McCalley. "If the infraction hadn't occurred, we would have won the relay and advanced."

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**Kim White**  
Sports Editor

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The track team has been impressive thus far this season. With two big meets under their belt, they are ready to move on to bigger and better challenges. They'll get their chance tomorrow when they travel to Wichita State University.

Good performances have recently been turned in by all.

However, for one woman getting back on the track has been a long haul. Tammy Emerson has been sidelined most of the year due to continual problems with her knees.

"It was great to see Tammy running again," said Coach Dave McCalley. "There's no telling how far she'll go if she

stays healthy."

She got off to a good start March 30 at Southwest Missouri State University. Emerson broke the school record in the 1500 meter with a time of 4:53.

If that wasn't enough, she turned around the following week at Northwest Missouri State and broke her own record with a time of 4:51.1.

Emerson isn't the only woman performing well. Racquel Adams recorded 62.4 seconds in the 400 meters at NWMS.

The men are strutting their stuff this season too. At SWMS, several men stepped things up a bit.

The 400-meter relay team of Shannon Graves, Wael Salama, Chris Pryor and Byron VonLeggett, broke the school record with a time of 42.24 sec.

## Lineup

### Women:

Rachel Adams -Freshman  
Tammy Emerson -Sophomore  
Dione Ford -Freshman  
Charletta Lee -Freshman  
Tina Murray -Freshman

### Men:

Damon Alexander -Freshman  
Elmer Becker -Senior  
Lenny Becker -Junior  
Craig Booker -Sophomore  
Kenneth Booker -Freshman  
Brent Cowan -Freshman  
Jenkins Davis -Senior  
Earl Fowler -Sophomore  
Rusty Frederick -Freshman  
Shannon Graves -Freshman  
Lenin Guerra -Freshman  
Richard Henry -Senior  
Phil Hudnall -Sophomore  
Tim King -Sophomore  
Chris Pryor -Freshman  
Mark Roberts -Senior  
Marco Rocha -Freshman  
Fred Short -Sophomore  
Shawn Smith -Sophomore  
Wael Salama -Freshman  
Gareth Spencer -Sophomore  
Joe Vandierendonk -Freshman  
Byron Von Leggett -Sophomore  
Waymon Watson -Freshman  
Blake Wilder -Freshman



## Rolla nursing students



Karen Williams



Sandy Ogden



Marsha Pierce



Jaye Potter



Rita Hale



Phyllis Melton



Shannon Pyatt



Ann Rivard



Wanda Simon



Liliane Burkett



Kathy Carr



Rhonda Dietrich



# Rolla nursing students



Sally Elder



Deborah Gaddis



Ramona Gorman



Susan Green



Kathy Burke



Jerry Brown



Keri Bennett



Birgit Batiste



Mary Barnes



Susie Akers



Kathy Skyles



Debra Smith



## Rolla nursing students



Carol Turner



Mary Westerhouse

## Sikeston nursing students



Robin Brugger



Jamie Clenney



Patricia Chism



Darla Crowley



# Sikeston nursing students



Paula Little



Helen Morton



Vaneita Smith



Sherry Welker



Hazel Kerr



Bernice Breckenridge



Debbie Knight



Jeanette Layton



Mary Jackson



Tammy Hopper



Cynthia Holcomb



Dana Hicks



## Sikeston nursing students



Virginia Henneman



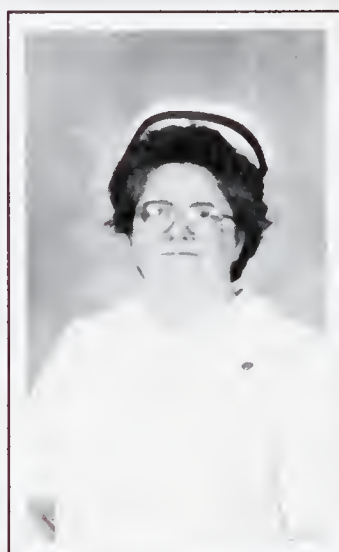
Regina Hancy



Delores Grindstaff



Kathy Grice



Deborah Duncan



Jennifer Dambach



# Parkville nursing students



Tommie Konecny



Regina Rogers



Peggy Moor



Verena Moore



Charlene Burnett



Nancy Huff



Deborah Dyer



Brenda Tippie



Kathy Parks



Donna Euler



Dixie Huffman



Linda McDaniel



## Parkville nursing students



Jeanetta Viets



Camilla Ward



Renee Ballard



Leola Watkins



Julie Pankau



Becky Deardorff



Linda Stamper



Louise Holloway



Christa Maddux



Sharon Gillpatrick



Linda Abbott-Leamy



Lu Venna Gessley



## Parkville nursing students



Rhonda Hayes



Marla Guffey



Debra Brammer



Rose Carter



Barbara Walker



Lu Anne Maggard



Tammy Deck



Sherrie Gervy



*This magazine is dedicated to  
Academic Dean Harry A. Blanton  
who left Park College at the close of  
the 1990-91 academic year.*













